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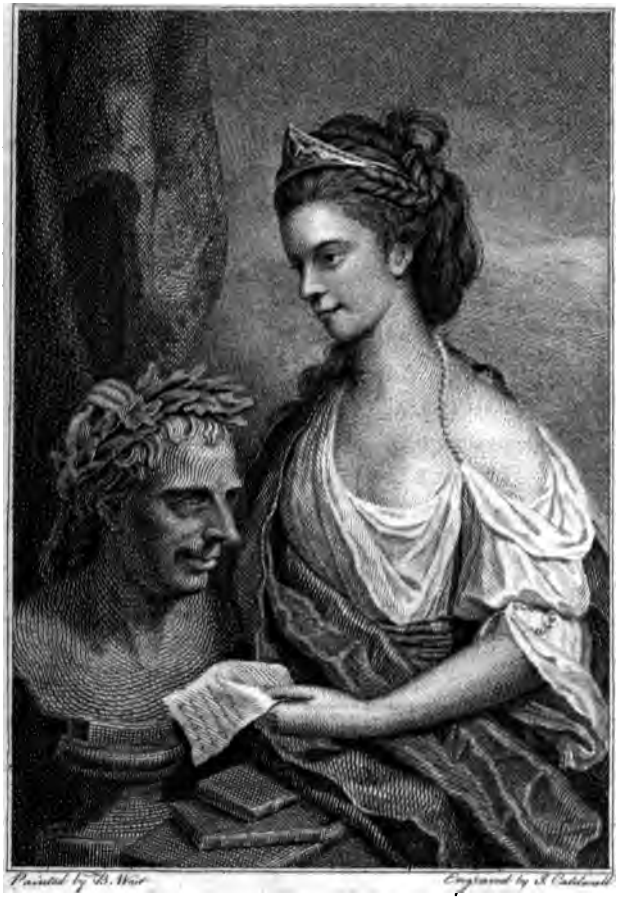
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LYDIA STERNE DE MEDALLE.

Published as the Act directs Jan.y 14th 1780 by W. Strahan, T. Cadell, J. Dodsley, G. Robinson, & J. Murray, &c. &c.

THE

WORKS

OF

LAURENCE STERNE.

IN TEN VOLUMES COMPLETE.

CONTAINING,

I. THE LIFE AND OPINIONS OF TRISTRAM SHANDY, GENT.

II. A SENTIMENTAL JOURNEY THROUGH FRANCE AND ITALY.

III. SERMONS. —— IV. LETTERS.

WITH

A LIFE OF THE AUTHOR,

WRITTEN BY HIMSELF.

VOLUME THE NINTH.

LONDON:

PRINTED FOR W. STRAHAN, J. RIVINGTON AND SONS, J. DODSLEY, G. KEARSLEY, T. LOWNDES, G. ROBINSON, T. CADELL, J. MURRAY, T. BECKET, R. BALDWIN, AND T. EVANS.

MDCCLXXX.

NEW-YORK

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LETTERS

OF THE LATE

LAURENCE STERNE

TO

HIS MOST INTIMATE FRIENDS.

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TO

DAVID GARRICK, Eſq.

WHEN I was aſk'd to whom I ſhould dedicate theſe Volumes, I careleſsly anſwered, To no one—Why not? (replied the perſon who put the queſtion to me.) Becauſe moſt Dedications look like begging a protection to the book. Perhaps a worſe interpretation may be given to it. No, no! already ſo much obliged, I cannot, will not, put another tax upon the generoſity of any friend of Mr. Sterne's, or mine. I went home to my lodgings, and gratitude warmed my heart to ſuch a pitch, that I vow'd they ſhould be dedicated to the man my father ſo much

admired—who, with an unprejudiced eye, read, and approved his works, and moreover loved the man—'Tis to Mr. Garrick then, that I dedicate theſe Genuine Letters.

Can I forget the ſweet * Epitaph which proved Mr. Garrick's friendſhip, and opinion of him? 'Twas a tribute to friendſhip—and as a tribute of my gratitude I dedicate theſe Volumes to a man of underſtanding and feeling—Receive this, as it is meant—May you, dear Sir, approve

* Shall Pride a heap of ſculptur'd marble raiſe,
Some worthleſs, unmourn'd titled fool to praiſe;
And ſhall we not by one poor grave-ſtone learn
Where Genius, Wit, and Humour, ſleep with *Sterne?*
D. G.

Mr. Sterne was born at Clonmel, in Ireland, November 24, 1713; and died, in London, March 18, 1768.

of theſe Letters, as much as Mr. Sterne admired you—but Mr. Garrick, with all his urbanity, can never carry the point half ſo far, for Mr. Sterne was an enthuſiaſt, if it is poſſible to be one, in favour of Mr. Garrick.

This may appear a very ſimple Dedication, but Mr. Garrick will judge by his own ſenſibility, that I can feel more than I can expreſs, and, I believe he will give me credit for all my grateful acknowledgments.

I am, with every ſentiment of gratitude, and eſteem,

DEAR SIR,

Your obliged
humble Servant,

London,
June, 1775.

LYDIA STERNE DE MEDALLE.

PREFACE.

IN publiſhing theſe Letters the Editor does but comply with her mother's requeſt, which was, that if any Letters were publiſh'd under Mr. Sterne's name, thoſe ſhe had in her poſſeſſion (as well as thoſe that her father's friends would be kind enough to ſend to her) ſhould be likewiſe publiſh'd—She depends much on the candour of the Public for the favourable reception of them,——their being genuine *, ſhe thinks, and hopes, will render them not unacceptable—She has already ex-

* Beſides the Letters printed by Mrs. Medalle, thoſe written by Mr. Sterne to Eliza, and a few others, are added to the preſent Edition.

perienced much benevolence and generosity from her late father's friends —the remembrance of which will ever warm her heart with gratitude!

IN MEMORY OF

MR. STERNE,

AUTHOR OF THE

SENTIMENTAL JOURNEY.

WITH wit, and genuine humour, to diſpel,
From the deſponding boſom, gloomy care,
And bid the guſhing tear, at the ſad tale
Of hapleſs love or filial grïef, to flow
From the full ſympathiſing heart, were thine,
Theſe powers, O STERNE! but now thy fate demands
(No plumage nodding o'er the emblazon'd hearſe
Proclaiming honor where no virtue ſhone)
But the ſad tribute of a heart-felt ſigh:
What tho' no taper caſt its deadly ray,
Nor the full choir ſing requiems o'er thy tomb,
The humbler grief of friendſhip is not mute;
And poor Maria, with her faithful kid,
Her auburn treſſes careleſsly entwin'd
With olive foliage, at the cloſe of day,
Shall chaunt her plaintive veſpers at thy grave.

Thy ſhade too, gentle Monk, mid awful night,
Shall pour libations from its friendly eye;
For erſt his ſweet benevolence beſtow'd
Its generous pity, and bedew'd with tears
The ſod, which reſted on thy aged breaſt.

A
CHARACTER AND EULOGIUM
OF
STERNE, AND HIS WRITINGS;
IN A
FAMILIAR EPISTLE FROM A GENTLEMAN IN IRELAND TO HIS FRIEND.

[Written in the Year 1769.]

WHAT trifle comes next?—Spare the cenſure, my friend,
This Letter's no more from beginning to end:
Yet, when you conſider (your laughter, pray, ſtifle)
The advantage, the importance, the uſe of a trifle—
When you think too beſide—and there's nothing more clear—
That pence compoſe millions, and moments the year,
You ſurely will grant me, nor think that I jeſt,
That life's but a ſeries of trifles at beſt.

How wildly digreſſive! yet could I, O STERNE *,
Digreſs with thy ſkill, with thy freedom return!

* The late reverend *Laurence Sterne*, A. M. &c. Author of that truly original, humorous, heteroclite work, called, The

The vain wiſh I repreſs—Poor YORICK! no more
Shall thy mirth and thy jeſts "ſet the table on a roar;"
No more thy ſad tale, with ſimplicity told,
O'er each feeling breaſt its ſtrong influence hold,

Life and Opinions of *Triſtram Shandy*, of A Sentimental Journey through France and Italy (which, alas! he did not live to finiſh) and of ſome volumes of Sermons. Of his ſkill in delineating and ſupporting his characters, thoſe of the father of his hero, of his uncle *Toby*, and of corporal *Trim* (out of numberleſs others) afford ample proof: To his power in the pathetic, whoever ſhall read the ſtories of *Le Fevre*, *Maria*, *the Monk*, and *the dead Aſs*, muſt, if he has feelings, bear ſufficient teſtimony: And his *Sermons* throughout (though ſometimes, perhaps, chargeable with a levity not entirely becoming the pulpit) breathe the kindeſt ſpirit of *Philanthropy*, of *good-will towards man*. For the few exceptional parts of his works, thoſe ſmall blemiſhes

Quas aut incuria fudit,
Aut humana parum cavit natura—

ſuffer them, kind critic, to reſt with his aſhes!

The above eulogium will, I doubt not, appear to you (and perhaps alſo to many others) much too high for the literary character of STERNE; I have not at preſent either leiſure or inclination to enter into argument upon the queſtion; but, in truth, I conſidered myſelf as largely his debtor for the tears and the laughter he ſo frequently excited, and was deſirous to leave behind me (for ſo long at leaſt as this trifle ſhall remain) ſome ſmall memorial of my gratitude: I will even add, that, although I regard the memory of *Shakeſpeare* with a veneration little ſhort of idolatry, I eſteem the *Monk's horn-box* a relick "as devoutly to be wiſhed," as a pipe-ſtopper, a walking-ſtick, or even an ink-ſtand of the *mulberry-tree*.

From the wife and the brave call forth ſympathy's
ſigh,
Or ſwell with ſweet anguiſh humanity's eye:
Here and there in a page if a blemiſh appear,
(And what page, or what life, from a blemiſh is
clear?)
TRIM and TOBY with ſoft interceſſion attend;
LE FEVRE intreats you to pardon his friend;
MARIA too pleads for her favourite diſtreſs'd,
As you feel for her ſorrows, O grant her requeſt!
Should theſe advocates fail, I've another to call,
One tear of his MONK ſhall obliterate all.
Favour'd pupil of Nature and Fancy, of yore,
Whom from Humour's embrace ſweet Philanthropy
bore,
While the Graces and Loves ſcatter flowers on thy
urn,
And Wit weeps the bloſſom too haſtily torn;
This meed too, kind Spirit, unoffended receive
From a youth next to SHAKESPEARE's who ho-
nours thy grave!

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LETTERS.

LETTER I*.

TO MISS L——.

YES! I will ſteal from the world, and not a babbling tongue ſhall tell where I am—Echo ſhall not ſo much as whiſper my hiding-place—ſuffer thy imagination to paint it as a little ſun-gilt cottage, on the ſide of a romantic hill—doſt thou think I will leave love and friendſhip behind me? No! they ſhall be my companions in ſolitude, for they will ſit down and riſe up with me in the amiable form of my L.—We will be

* This and the three ſubſequent Letters were written by Mr. Sterne to his wife, while ſhe reſided in Staffordſhire, before their marriage.

as merry and as innocent as our firſt parents in Paradiſe, before the arch fiend entered that undeſcribable ſcene.

The kindeſt affections will have room to ſhoot and expand in our retirement, and produce ſuch fruit as madneſs, and envy, and ambition have always killed in the bud.—Let the human tempeſt and hurricane rage at a diſtance, the deſolation is beyond the horizon of peace. —My L. has ſeen a Polyanthus blow in December—ſome friendly wall has ſheltered it from the biting wind.—No planetary influence ſhall reach us, but that which preſides and cheriſhes the ſweeteſt flowers.—God preſerve us! how delightful this proſpect in idea! We will build, and we will plant, in our own way.—ſimplicity ſhall not be tortured by art—we will learn of nature how to live—ſhe ſhall be our alchymiſt, to mingle all the good of life into one ſalubrious draught. —The gloomy family of care and diſtruſt ſhall be baniſhed from our dwelling, guarded by thy kind and tutelar deity—we will ſing our choral ſongs of gra-

titude, and rejoice to the end of our pilgrimage.

Adieu, my L. Return to one who languiſhes for thy ſociety.

L. STERNE.

LETTER II.

TO THE SAME.

You bid me tell you, my dear L., how I bore your departure for S——, and whether the valley where D'Eſtella ſtands, retains ſtill its looks—or, if I think the roſes or jeſſamines ſmell as ſweet, as when you left it—Alas! every thing has now loſt its reliſh and look! The hour you left D'Eſtella, I took to my bed.—I was worn out with fevers of all kinds, but moſt by that fever of the heart with which thou knoweſt well I have been waſting theſe two years —and ſhall continue waſting till you quit S——. The good Miſs S——, from the forebodings of the beſt of

hearts, thinking I was ill, inſiſted upon my going to her.—What can be the cauſe, my dear L., that I never have been able to ſee the face of this mutual friend, but I feel myſelf rent to pieces? She made me ſtay an hour with her, and in that ſhort ſpace I burſt into tears a dozen different times—and in ſuch affectionate guſts of paſſion, that ſhe was conſtrained to leave the room, and ſympathize in her dreſſing-room—I have been weeping for you both, ſaid ſhe, in a tone of the ſweeteſt pity—for poor L.'s heart, I have long known it—her anguiſh is as ſharp as yours—her heart as tender—her conſtancy as great—her virtues as heroic—Heaven brought you not together to be tormented. I could only anſwer her with a kind look, and a heavy ſigh—and returned home to your lodgings (which I have hired till your return), to reſign myſelf to miſery—Fanny had prepared me a ſupper—ſhe is all attention to me—but I ſat over it with tears; a bitter ſauce, my L., but I could eat it with no other—for the mo-

ment ſhe began to ſpread my little table, my heart fainted within me.—One ſolitary plate, one knife, one fork, one glaſs!—I gave a thouſand penſive, penetrating looks at the chair thou hadſt ſo often graced, in thoſe quiet and ſentimental repaſts—then laid down my knife and fork, and took out my handkerchief, and clapped it acroſs my face, and wept like a child.—I do ſo this very moment, my L.; for, as I take up my pen, my poor pulſe quickens, my pale face glows, and tears are trickling down upon the paper, as I trace the word L——. O thou! bleſſed in thyſelf, and in thy virtues—bleſſed to all that know thee—to me moſt ſo, becauſe more do I know of thee than all thy ſex.—This is the philtre, my L., by which thou haſt charmed me, and by which thou wilt hold me thine, whilſt virtue and faith hold this world together.—This, my friend, is the plain and ſimple magic, by which I told Miſs —— I have won a place in that heart of thine, on which I depend ſo ſa-

tisfied, that time, or diſtance, or change of every thing which might alarm the hearts of little men, create no uneaſy ſuſpenſe in mine—Waſt thou to ſtay in S—— theſe ſeven years, thy friend, though he would grieve, ſcorns to doubt, or to be doubted—'tis the only exception where ſecurity is not the parent of danger.—I told you poor Fanny was all attention to me ſince your departure—contrives every day bringing in the name of L. She told me laſt night (upon giving me ſome hartſhorn), ſhe had obſerved my illneſs began the very day of your departure for S——; that I had never held up my head, had ſeldom, or ſcarce ever, ſmiled, had fled from all ſociety—that ſhe verily believed I was broken-hearted, for ſhe had never entered the room, or paſſed by the door, but ſhe heard me ſigh heavily—that I neither eat, or ſlept, or took pleaſure in any thing as before;—judge then, my L., can the valley look ſo well—or the roſes and jeſſamines ſmell ſo ſweet as hereto-

fore? Ah me!—But adieu—the veſper bell calls me from thee to my God!

L. STERNE.

LETTER III.

TO THE SAME.

BEFORE now my L. has lodged an indictment againſt me in the high court of Friendſhip—I plead guilty to the charge, and intirely ſubmit to the mercy of that amiable tribunal.—Let this mitigate my puniſhment, if it will not expiate my tranſgreſſion—do not ſay that I ſhall offend again in the ſame manner, though a too eaſy pardon ſometimes occaſions a repetition of the ſame fault.—A miſer ſays, though I do no good with my money to-day, to-morrow ſhall be marked with ſome deed of beneficence.—The Libertine ſays, let me enjoy this week in forbidden and luxurious pleaſures, and the next I will dedicate to ſerious thought and reflection.—The Gameſter ſays, let me have

one more chance with the dice, and I will never touch them more.—The Knave of every profeſſion wiſhes to obtain but independency, and he will become an honeſt man.—The Female Coquette triumphs in tormenting her inamorato, for fear, after marriage, he ſhould not pity her.

The apparition of the fifth inſtant (for letters may almoſt be called ſo) proved more welcome as I did not expect it. Oh! my L——, thou art kind indeed to make an apology for me, and thou never wilt aſſuredly repent of one act of kindneſs—for being thy debtor, I will pay thee with intereſt.—Why does my L. complain of the deſertion of friends?—Where does the human being live that will not join in this complaint?—It is a common obſervation, and perhaps too true, that married people ſeldom extend their regards beyond their own fire-ſide.—There is ſuch a thing as parſimony in eſteem, as well as money—yet as one coſts nothing, it might be beſtowed with more liberality, —We cannot gather grapes from thorns,

ſo we muſt not expect kind attachments from perſons who are wholly folded up in ſelfiſh ſchemes. I do not know whether I moſt deſpiſe, or pity ſuch characters—nature never made an unkind creature—ill uſage, and bad habits, have deformed a fair and lovely creation.

My L.!—thou art ſurrounded by all the melancholy gloom of winter; wert thou alone, the retirement would be agreeable.—— Diſappointed ambition might envy ſuch a retreat, and diſappointed love would ſeek it out.—Crouded towns, and buſy ſocieties, may delight the unthinking, and the gay—but ſolitude is the beſt nurſe of wiſdom.—Methinks I ſee my contemplative girl now in the garden, watching the gradual approaches of ſpring.—Doſt not thou mark with delight the firſt vernal buds? the ſnow-drop, and primroſe, theſe early and welcome viſitors, ſpring beneath thy feet.—Flora and Pomona already conſider thee as their handmaid; and in a little time will load thee with

their ſweeteſt bleſſing.—The feathered race are all thy own, and with them, untaught harmony will ſoon begin to cheer thy morning and evening walks.—Sweet as this may be, return—return—the birds of Yorkſhire will tune their pipes, and ſing as melodiouſly as thoſe of Staffordſhire.

Adieu, my beloved L. thine too much for my *peace*.

L. STERNE.

LETTER IV.

TO THE SAME.

I HAVE offended her whom I ſo tenderly love!—what could tempt me to it! but if a beggar was to knock at thy gate, would thou not open the door and be melted with compaſſion?—I know thou wouldſt, for Pity has erected a temple in thy boſom.—Sweeteſt, and beſt of all human paſſions! let thy web of tenderneſs cover the penſive form of

affliction, and ſoften the darkeſt ſhades of miſery! I have re-conſidered this apology, and, alas! what will it accompliſh? Arguments, however finely ſpun, can never change the nature of things—very true—ſo a truce with them.

I have loſt a very valuable friend by a ſad accident, and what is worſe, he has left a widow and five young children to lament this ſudden ſtroke.—If real uſefulneſs and integrity of heart could have ſecured him from this, his friends would not now be mourning his untimely fate.—Theſe dark and ſeemingly cruel diſpenſations of Providence, often make the beſt of human hearts complain.—Who can paint the diſtreſs of an affectionate mother, made a widow in a moment, weeping in bitterneſs over a numerous, helpleſs, and fatherleſs offſpring!—God! theſe are thy chaſtiſements, and require (hard taſk!) a pious acquieſcence.

Forgive me this digreſſion, and allow me to drop a tear over a departed friend; and what is more excellent, an honeſt

man. My L! thou wilt feel all that kindneſs can inſpire in the death of ——. The event was ſudden, and thy gentle ſpirit would be more alarmed on that account.—But, my L., thou haſt leſs to lament, as old age was creeping on, and her period of doing good, and being uſeful, was nearly over.—At ſixty years of age the tenement gets faſt out of repair, and the lodger with anxiety thinks of a diſcharge.—In ſuch a ſituation the poet might well ſay,

"The ſoul uneaſy, &c."

My L. talks of leaving the country —may a kind angel guide thy ſteps hither!—Solitude at length grows tireſome.—Thou ſayeſt thou wilt quit the place with regret—I think ſo too.—Does not ſomething uneaſy mingle with the very reflection of leaving it? It is like parting with an old friend, whoſe temper and company one has long been acquainted with.—I think I ſee you looking twenty times a day at the houſe —almoſt counting every brick and pane of glaſs, and telling them at the ſame

time with a ſigh, you are going to leave them.—Oh happy modification of matter! they will remain inſenſible of thy loſs.—But how wilt thou be able to part with thy garden?—The recollection of ſo many pleaſing walks muſt have endeared it to you. The trees, the ſhrubs, the flowers, which thou reared with thy own hands—will they not droop and fade away ſooner upon thy departure?—Who will be the ſucceſſor to nurſe them in thy abſence?—Thou wilt leave thy name upon the myrtle-tree.—If trees, and ſhrubs, and flowers, could compoſe an elegy, I ſhould expect a very plaintive one upon this ſubject.

Adieu, adieu! Believe me ever, ever thine,

L. STERNE.

LETTER V.

TO MRS. F——.

York, Tueſday, Nov. 19, 1759.

DEAR MADAM,

YOUR kind enquiries after my health, deſerve my beſt thanks.—What can give one more pleaſure than the good wiſhes of thoſe we value?—I am ſorry you give ſo bad an account of your own health, but hope you will find benefit from tar-water—it has been of infinite ſervice to me.—I ſuppoſe, my good lady, by what you ſay in your letter, "that I am buſy writing an extraordinary book," that your intelligence comes from York—the fountain-head of all chit-chat news—and—no matter.—Now for your deſire of knowing the reaſon of my turning author? why truly I am tired of employing my brains for other people's advantage.—'Tis a fooliſh ſacrifice I have made for ſome years to an ungrateful perſon.—I depend much

upon the candour of the public, but I ſhall not pick out a jury to try the merit of my book amongſt ********, and—till you read my Triſtram, do not, like ſome people, condemn it.—Laugh I am ſure you will at ſome paſſages.—I have hired a ſmall houſe in the Minſter Yard for my wife and daughter—the latter is to begin dancing, &c. if I cannot leave her a fortune, I will at leaſt give her an education.——As I ſhall publiſh my works very ſoon, I ſhall be in town by March, and ſhall have the pleaſure of meeting with you.—All your friends are well, and ever hold you in the ſame eſtimation that your ſincere friend does.

Adieu, dear lady, believe me, with every wiſh for your happineſs, your moſt faithful, &c.

LAURENCE STERNE.

LETTER VI.

TO DR. ******.

DEAR SIR, Jan. 30, 1760.

—*DE mortuis nil niſi bonum*, is a maxim which you have ſo often of late urged in converſation, and in your letters (but in your laſt eſpecially), with ſuch ſerioufneſs, and ſeverity againſt me, as the ſuppoſed trangreſſor of the rule;—that you have made me at length as ſerious and ſevere as yourſelf:—but that the humours you have ſtirred up might not work too potently within me, I have waited four days to cool myſelf, before I would ſet pen to paper to anſwer you, "*de mortuis nil niſi bonum.*" I declare I have conſidered the wiſdom and foundation of it over and over again, as diſpaſſionately and charitably as a good Chriſtian can, and, after all, I can find nothing in it, or make more of it, than a nonſenſical lullaby of ſome nurſe, put into Latin

by ſome pedant, to be chanted by ſome hypocrite to the end of the world, for the conſolation of departing lechers.—'Tis, I own, Latin; and I think that is all the weight it has—for, in plain Engliſh, 'tis a looſe and futile poſition below a diſpute—"*you are not to ſpeak any thing of the dead, but what is good.*" Why ſo?—Who ſays ſo?—neither reaſon or ſcripture.—Inſpired authors have done otherwiſe—and reaſon and common ſenſe tell me, that if the characters of paſt ages and men are to be drawn at all, they are to be drawn like themſelves; that is, with their excellencies, and with their foibles—and it is as much a piece of juſtice to the world, and to virtue too, to do the one, as the other.—The ruling paſſion *et les egaremens du cœur*, are the very things which mark, and diſtinguiſh a man's character;—in which I would as ſoon leave out a man's head as his hobby-horſe.—However, if like the poor devil of a painter, we muſt conform to this pious canon, *de mortuis*, *&c.* which I own has

a ſpice of piety in the *ſound* of it, and be obliged to paint both our angels and our devils out of the ſame pot—I then infer that our Sydenhams, and Sangrados, our Lucretias, and Meſſalinas, our Sommers, and our Bolingbrokes—are alike entitled to ſtatues, and all the hiſtorians or ſatiriſts who have ſaid otherwiſe ſince they departed this life, from Salluſt to S——e, are guilty of the crimes you charge me with, "cowardice and injuſtice."

But why cowardice? "becauſe 'tis not courage to attack a dead man who can't defend himſelf."—But why do you doctors of the faculty attack ſuch a one with your inciſion knife? Oh! for the good of the living.—'Tis my plea.—But I have ſomething more to ſay in my behalf—and it is this—I am not guilty of the charge—tho' defenſible. I have not cut up Doctor Kunaſtrokius at all—I have juſt ſcratch'd him—and that ſcarce ſkin-deep.—I do him firſt all honour—ſpeak of Kunaſtrokius as a great man—(be he who he will) and then

which was, the hopes of doing the world good, by ridiculing what I thought deſerving of it—or of diſſervice to ſound learning, &c.—how I have ſucceeded, my book muſt ſhew—and this I leave entirely to the world—but not to that little world *of your acquaintance*, whoſe opinion and ſentiments you call the general opinion of the beſt judges *without exception*, who all affirm (you ſay) that my book cannot be put into the hands of any woman of *character*. (I hope you except widows, doctor—for they are not *all* ſo ſqueamiſh, but I am told they are all really of my party, in return for ſome good offices done their intereſts in the 274th page of my firſt volume). But for the chaſte married, and chaſte unmarried part of the ſex—they muſt not read my book! Heaven forbid the ſtock of chaſtity ſhould be leſſened by the Life and Opinions of Triſtram Shandy—yes, his Opinions—it would certainly debauch 'em! God take them under his protection in this fiery trial, and ſend us plenty

—many indeed have thought better of 'em, by conſidering them more; few worſe.

I am, Sir,

Your humble ſervant,

LAURENCE STERNE.

LETTER VII.

TO DAVID GARRICK, ESQ.

[About April, 1760.]

DEAR SIR, Thurſday, 11 o'clock—Night.

'TWAS for all the world like a cut acroſs my finger with a ſharp penknife. I ſaw the blood—gave it a ſuck,—wrapt it up—and thought no more about it.

But there is more goes to the healing of a wound than this comes to:—a wound (unleſs it is a wound not worth talking of, but by the bye mine is) muſt give you ſome pain after.—Nature will take her own way with it—it muſt ferment—it muſt digeſt,

The ſtory you told me of Triſtram's pretended tutor, this morning—My letter by right ſhould have ſet out with this ſentence, and then the ſimile would not have kept you a moment in ſuſpenſe.

This vile ſtory, I ſay—though I then ſaw both how, and where it wounded—I felt little from it at firſt—or, to ſpeak more honeſtly (though it ruins my ſimile), I felt a great deal of pain from it, but affected an air uſual on ſuch accidents, of leſs feeling than I had.

I have now got home to my lodgings, ſince the play (you aſtoniſhed me in it), and have been unwrapping this ſelf-ſame wound of mine, and ſhaking my head over it this half-hour.

What the devil!—is there no one learned blockhead throughout the many ſchools of miſapplied ſcience in the Chriſtian World, to make a *tutor* of for my Triſtram?—*Ex quovis ligno non fit*—Are we ſo run out of ſtock, that there is no one lumber-headed, muddle-headed, mortar-headed, pudding-headed *chap*

amongſt our doctors?--Is there no one ſingle wight of much reading and no learning, amongſt the many children in my *mother*'s nurſery, who bid high for this charge—but I muſt diſable my judgment by chuſing a Warburton? Vengeance! have I ſo little concern for the honour of my hero!—Am I a wretch ſo void of ſenſe, ſo bereft of feeling for the figure he is to make in ſtory, that I ſhould chuſe a præceptor to rob him of all the immortality I intended him? O! dear Mr. Garrick.

Malice is ingenious—unleſs where the exceſs of it outwits itſelf—I have two comforts in this ſtroke of it;—the firſt is, that this one is partly of this kind; and ſecondly, that it is one of the number of thoſe which ſo unfairly brought poor Yorick to his grave.—The report might draw blood of the author of Triſtram Shandy—but could not harm ſuch a man as the author of the Divine Legation—God bleſs him! though (by the bye, and according to the natural

courſe of deſcents) the bleſſing ſhould come from him to me.

Pray have you no intereſt, lateral or collateral, to get me introduced to his Lordſhip?

Why do you aſk?

My dear Sir, I have no claim to ſuch an honour, but what ariſes from the honour and reſpect which, in the progreſs of my work, will be ſhewn the world I owe to ſo great a man.

Whilſt I am talking of owing—I wiſh, my dear Sir, that any body would tell you, how much I am indebted to you. I am determined never to do it myſelf, or ſay more upon the ſubject than this, that I am yours,

L. STERNE.

LETTER VIII.

TO S—— C——, ESQ.

DEAR SIR, May, 1760.

I RETURN you ten thouſand thanks for the favour of your letter—and the account you give me of my wife and girl.—I ſaw Mr. Ch——y to-night at Ranelagh, who tells me you have inoculated my friend Bobby.—I heartily wiſh him well through, and hope in God all goes right.

On Monday we ſet out with a * grand retinue of Lord Rockingham's (in whoſe ſuite I move) for Windſor—they have contracted for fourteen hundred pounds for the dinner, to ſome general undertaker, of which the K. has bargained to pay one-third. Lord George Sack-

* Prince Ferdinand, the Marquis of Rockingham, and Earl Temple, were inſtalled Knights of the Garter, on Tueſday, May 6th, 1760, at Windſor.

ville was laſt Saturday at the opera, ſome ſay with great effrontery—others, with great dejection.

I have little news to add.—There is a ſhilling pamphlet* wrote againſt Triſtram.—I wiſh they would write a hundred ſuch.

Mrs. Sterne ſays her purſe is light; will you, dear Sir, be ſo good as to pay her ten guineas, and I will reckon with you, when I have the pleaſure of meeting you.—My beſt compliments to Mrs. C. and all friends.—Believe me, dear Sir, your obliged and faithful

LAU. STERNE.

* "The Clockmakers Outcry againſt the Author of Triſtram Shandy." 8vo.

LETTER IX.

TO THE SAME.

DEAR SIR, May, 1760.

I THIS moment received the favour of your kind letter.—The letter in the Ladies Magazine*, about me, was wrote by the noted Dr. Hill, who wrote the Inſpector, and undertakes that magazine—the people of York are very uncharitable to ſuppoſe any man ſo groſs a beaſt as to pen ſuch a character of himſelf.—In this great town no ſoul ever ſuſpected it, for a thouſand reaſons—could they ſuppoſe I ſhould be ſuch a fool as to fall foul upon Dr. Warburton, my beſt friend, by repreſenting him ſo weak a man—or by telling ſuch a lie of him—as his giving me a purſe, to buy off his tutorſhip for Triſtram!—or I ſhould be fool enough to own I had taken his purſe for that purpoſe!

* The Royal Female Magazine, for April, 1760.

You muſt know there is a quarrel between Dr. Hill and Dr. M——y, who was the phyſician meant at Mr. Charles Stanhope's, and Dr. Hill has changed the place on purpoſe to give M——y a lick.—Now that converſation (though perhaps true), yet happened at another place*, and with another phyſician;

* As the truth of this anecdote is not denied, it may gratify curioſity to communicate it in Dr. Hill's own words. "At the laſt dinner that the "late loſt amiable Charles Stanhope gave to ge-"nius, Yorick was preſent. The good old man "was vexed to ſee a pedantic medicine-monger "take the lead, and prevent that pleaſantry which "good wit and good wine might have occaſioned, "by a diſcourſe in the unintelligible language of "his profeſſion, concerning the difference between "the phrenitis and the paraphrenitis, and the "concomitant categories of the mediaſtinum and "pleura.

"Good-humoured Yorick ſaw the ſenſe of the "maſter of the feaſt, and fell into the cant and "jargon of phyſic, as if he had been one of Rad-"cliffe's travellers. "The vulgar practice," ſays "he, "favours too much of mechanical princi-"ples; the venerable ancients were all empirics, "and the profeſſion will never regain its ancient "credit, till practice falls into the old track again.

which I have contradicted in this city, for the honour of my friend M——y,

" I am myſelf an inſtance; I caught cold by leaning
" ing on a damp cuſhion, and, after ſneezing and
" ſniveling a fortnight, it fell upon my breaſt;
" They blooded me, bliſtered me, and gave me
" robs and bobs, and lohocks and eclegmata;
" but I grew worſe; for I was treated according to
" the exact rules of the College. In ſhort, from
" an inflammation it came to an ADHESION, and
" all was over with me. They adviſed me to
" Briſtol, that I might not do them the ſcandal of
" dying under their hands; and the Briſtol peo-
" ple, for the ſame reaſon, configned me over to
" Liſbon. But what do I? why I conſidered an
" adheſion is, in plain Engliſh, only a ſticking of
" two things together, and that force enough
" would pull them aſunder. I bought a good aſh
" pole, and began leaping over all the walls and
" ditches in the country. From the height of
" the pole, I uſed to come ſouſe down upon my
" feet, like an aſs when he tramples upon a bull-
" dog: but it did not do. At laſt—when I had
" raiſed myſelf perpendicularly over a wall, I
" uſed to fall exactly acroſs the ridge of it, upon
" the ſide oppoſite to the adheſion. This tore it
" off at once, and I am as you ſee. Come fill
" a glaſs to the memory of the empiric medicine."
" If he had been aſked elſewhere about this diſ-
" order (for he really had a conſumptive diſorder),

all which ſhews the abſurdity of York credulity and nonſenſe. Beſides, the account is full of falſehoods—firſt, with regard to the place of my birth, which was at Clonmel, in Ireland—the ſtory of a hundred pounds to Mrs. W——*, not true, or of a *penſion promiſed*; the merit of which I diſclaimed—and indeed there are ſo many other things ſo untrue, and unlikely to come from me, that the worſt enemy I have here never had a ſuſpicion—and, to end all, Dr. Hill owns the paper.

I ſhall be down before May is out—I preach before the Judges on Sunday—my ſermons come out on Thurſday after—and I purpoſe, the Monday, at furtheſt, after that, to ſet out for York—I have bought a pair of horſes for

" he would have anſwered, that he was cured " by Huxham's decoction of the bark, and elixir " of vitriol."

* The Widow of Mr. Sterne's predeceſſor in the living of Coxwould.

that purpoſe—my beſt reſpects to your Lady——

I am, Dear Sir,

Your moſt obliged and faithful

L. STERNE.

P. S. I beg pardon for this haſty ſcrawl, having juſt come from a concert where the D. of York performed.—I have received great notice from him, and laſt week had the honour of ſupping with him.

LETTER X.

TO DR. WARBURTON, BISHOP OF GLOUCESTER.

MY LORD, York, June 9, 1760.

NOT knowing where to ſend two ſets of my Sermons, I could think of no better expedient, than to order them into Mr. Berrenger's hands, who has

promiſed me that he will wait upon your Lordſhip with them, the firſt moment he hears you are in town. The trueſt and humbleſt thanks I return to your Lordſhip, for the generoſity of your protection, and advice to me; by making a good uſe of the one, I will hope to deſerve the other; I wiſh your Lordſhip all the health and happineſs in this world, for I am

Your Lordſhip's

Moſt obliged and

Moſt grateful Servant,

L. STERNE.

P. S. I am juſt ſitting down to go on with Triſtram, &c.—the ſcribblers uſe me ill, but they have uſed my betters much worſe, for which may God forgive them.

LETTER XI.

TO THE REV. MR. STERNE.

Prior-Park, June 15, 1760.

REVEREND SIR,

I HAVE your favour of the 9th inſtant, and am glad to underſtand, you are got ſafe home, and employed again in your proper ſtudies and amuſements. You have it in your power to make that, which is an amuſement to yourſelf and others, uſeful to both: at leaſt, you ſhould, above all things, beware of its becoming hurtful to either, by any violations of decency and good manners; but I have already taken ſuch repeated liberties of adviſing you on that head, that to ſay more would be needleſs, or perhaps unacceptable.

Whoever is, in any way, well received by the public, is ſure to be annoyed by that peſt of the public, *profligate ſcribblers*. This is the common lot of ſuc-

ceſsful adventurers; but ſuch have often a worſe evil to ſtruggle with, I mean the over-officiouſneſs of their indiſcreet friends. There are two Odes *, as they are called, printed by Dodſley. Whoever was the author, he appears to be a monſter of impiety and lewdneſs—yet, ſuch is the malignity of the ſcribblers, ſome have given them to your friend Hall; and others, which is ſtill more impoſſible, to yourſelf; though the firſt Ode has the inſolence to place you both in a mean and a ridiculous light. But this might ariſe from a tale equally groundleſs and malignant, that you had ſhewn them to your acquaintances in MS. before they were given to the public. Nor was their being printed by Dodſley the likelieſt means of diſcrediting the calumny.

About this time, another, under the maſk of friendſhip, pretended to draw

* Intitled, "Two Lyric Epiſtles: One to my "Couſin Shandy, on his coming to Town; and "the other to the Grown Gentlewomen, the "Miſſes of ****." 4to.

your character, which was ſince publiſhed in a *Female Magazine* (for dulneſs, who often has as great a hand as the devil, in deforming God's works of the creation, has *made them*, it ſeems, *male* and *female*), and from thence it was transformed into a *Chronicle* *. Pray have you read it, or do you know its author?

But of all theſe things, I dare ſay Mr. Garrick, whoſe prudence is equal to his honeſty or his talents, has remonſtrated to you with the freedom of a friend. He knows the inconſtancy of what is called the Public, towards all, even the beſt intentioned, of thoſe who contribute to its pleaſure or amuſement. He (as every man of honour and diſcretion would) has availed himſelf of the public favour, to regulate the taſte, and, in his proper ſtation, to reform the manners of the faſhionable world; while, by a well-judged œconomy, he has provided againſt the temptations of a mean and

* The London Chronicle, May 6, 1760.

ſervile dependency on the follies and vices of the great.

In a word, be aſſured, there is no one more ſincerely wiſhes your welfare and happineſs, than,

Reverend Sir,

W. G.

LETTER XII.

TO MY WITTY WIDOW, MRS. F——.

MADAM, Coxwould, Aug. 3, 1760.

WHEN a man's brains are as dry as a ſqueez'd Orange—and he feels he has no more conceit in him than a Mallet, 'tis in vain to think of ſitting down, and writing a letter to a lady of your wit, unleſs in the honeſt John-Trot-Stile of, *yours of the 15th inſtant came ſafe to hand, &c.* which, by the bye, looks like a letter of buſineſs; and you know very well, from the firſt letter I

had the honour to write to you, I am a man of no buſineſs at all. This vile plight I found my genius in was the reaſon I have told Mr. ——, I would not write to you till the next poſt—hoping by that time to get ſome ſmall recruit, at leaſt of vivacity, if not wit, to ſet out with;—but upon ſecond thoughts, thinking a bad letter in ſeaſon—to be better than a good one out of it—this ſcrawl is the conſequence, which, if you will burn the moment you get it—I promiſe to ſend you a fine ſet eſſay in the ſtile of your female epiſtolizers, cut and trim'd at all points.—God defend me from ſuch, who never yet knew what it was to ſay or write one premeditated word in my whole life—for this reaſon I ſend you with pleaſure, becauſe wrote with the careleſs irregularity of an eaſy heart.——Who told you, Garrick wrote the medley for Beard? —'Twas wrote in his houſe, however, and before I left town.——I deny it—I was not loſt two days before I left

town.—I was loſt all the time I was there, and never found till I got to this Shandy-caſtle of mine.—Next Winter I intend to ſojourn amongſt you with more decorum, and will neither be loſt or found any where.

Now I wiſh to God, I was at your elbow—I have juſt finiſhed one volume of Shandy, and I want to read it to ſome one who I know can taſte and reliſh humour—this by the way, is a little impudent in me—for I take the thing for granted, which their high mightineſſes the world have yet to determine—but I mean no ſuch thing—I could wiſh only to have your opinion—ſhall I, in truth, give you mine?—I dare not—but I will; provided you keep it to yourſelf—know then, that I think there is more laughable humour,—with equal degree of Cervantic ſatire—if not more than in the laſt—but we are bad judges of the merit of our children.

I return you a thouſand thanks for your friendly congratulations upon my

habitation—and I will take care, you ſhall never wiſh me but well, for I am, Madam,

With great eſteem and truth,

Your moſt obliged,

L. STERNE.

P. S. I have wrote this ſo vilely and ſo precipitately, I fear you muſt carry it to a decypherer——I beg you'll do me the honour to write—otherwiſe you draw *me* in, inſtead of Mr. —— drawing *you* into a ſcrape—for I ſhould ſorrow to have a *taſte* of ſo agreeable a correſpondent—and *no more*.

Adieu.

LETTER XIII.

TO S—— C——, ESQ.

London, Chriſtmas Day, 1760.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

I HAVE been in ſuch a continual hurry ſince the moment I arrived here—what with my books, and what with viſitors and viſitings, that it was not in my power ſooner to ſit down and acknowledge the favour of your obliging letter; and to thank you for the moſt friendly motives which led you to write it: I am not much in pain upon what gives my kind friends at Stillington ſo much on the chapter of *Noſes*—becauſe, as the principal ſatire throughout that part is levelled at thoſe learned blockheads who, in all ages, have waſted their time and much learning upon points as fooliſh—it ſhifts off the idea of what you fear, to another point—and 'tis thought here very good—'twill paſs muſter—I mean not with all—no

—no! I ſhall be attacked and pelted, either from cellars or garrets, write what I will—and beſides, muſt expect to have a party againſt me of many hundreds—who either do not—or will not laugh.—'Tis enough if I divide the world;—at leaſt I will reſt contented with it.—I wiſh you was here to ſee what changes of looks and political reaſoning, have taken place in every company, and coffee-houſe ſince laſt year; we ſhall be ſoon Pruſſians and Anti-Pruſſians, B——'s and Anti-B——'s, and thoſe diſtinctions will juſt do as well as Whig and Tory—and for aught I know ſerve the ſame ends.——The King ſeems reſolved to bring all things back to their original principles, and to ſtop the torrent of corruption and lazineſs.—He riſes every morning at ſix to do buſineſs—rides out at eight to a minute, returns at nine to give himſelf up to his people.—By perſiſting, 'tis thought he will oblige his Miniſters and dependants to diſpatch affairs with him many hours ſooner than of late—

and 'tis much to be queſtion'd whether they will not be enabled to wait upon him ſooner by being freed from long levees of their own, and applications; which will in all likelihood be transferr'd from them directly to himſelf—the preſent ſyſtem being to remove that phalanx of great people, which ſtood betwixt the throne and the ſubjects, and ſuffer them to have immediate acceſs without the intervention of a cabal—(this is the language of others): however, the King gives every thing himſelf, knows every thing, and weighs every thing maturely, and then is inflexible—this puts old ſtagers off their game—how it will end we are all in the dark.

'Tis fear'd the war is quite over in Germany; never was known ſuch havoc amongſt troops—I was told yeſterday by a Colonel from Germany, that out of two battalions of nine hundred men, to which he belong'd, but ſeventy-one left!—Prince Ferdinand has ſent word, 'tis ſaid, that he muſt have forty

thouſand men directly to take the field —and with proviſions for them too, for he can but ſubſiſt them for a fortnight— I hope this will find you all got to York —I beg my compliments to the amiable Mrs. Croft, &c. &c.

Tho' I purpoſed going firſt to Golden-Square, yet fate has thus long diſpoſed of me—ſo I have never been able to ſet a foot towards that quarter.

I am, dear Sir,

Your's affectionately,

L. STERNE.

LETTER XIV.

TO THE SAME.

MY DEAR SIR, [About Jan. 1761.]

I HAVE juſt time to acknowledge the favour of yours, but not to get the two prints you mention—which ſhall be ſent you by next poſt—I have bought them, and lent them to Miſs Gilbert,

but will aſſuredly ſend for them and enchaſe them to you:—I will take care to get your pictures well copied, and at a moderate price. And if I can be of further uſe, I beſeech you to employ me; and from time to time will ſend you an account of whatever may be worth tranſmitting.—The ſtream now ſets in ſtrong againſt the German war. Loud complaints of —— —— —— making a trade of the war, &c. &c. much expected from Ld. Granby's evidence to theſe matters, who is expected every hour:—the King wins every day upon the people, ſhews himſelf much at the play (but at no opera), rides out with his brothers every morning, half an hour after ſeven, 'till nine—returns with them—ſpends an hour with them at breakfaſt, and chat—and then ſits down to buſineſs. I never dined at home once ſince I arrived—am fourteen dinners deep engaged juſt now, and fear matters will be worſe with me in that point than better.——As to the main points in view, at which you hint

—all I can ſay is, that I ſee my way, and unleſs Old Nick throws the dice—ſhall, in due time, come off winner. ——Triſtram will be out the twentieth —there is a great rout made about him before he enters the ſtage—whether this will be of uſe or no, I can't ſay—ſome wits of the firſt magnitude here, both as to wit and ſtation, engage me ſucceſs —time will ſhew—

Adieu.

LETTER XV.

TO THE SAME.

DEAR SIR, [March 1761.]

SINCE I had the favour of your obliging letter, nothing has happened, or been ſaid one day, which has not been contradicted the next; ſo having little certain to write, I have forbore writing at all, in hopes every day of ſomething worth filling up a letter. We had the greateſt expectations yeſterday that ever were raiſed, of a pitched battle in the

ouſe of Commons, wherein Mr. Pitt
s to have entered and thrown down
e gauntlet, in defence of the German
r.—There never was ſo full a houſe
the gallery full to the top—I was
ere all the day—when, lo! a political
of the gout ſeized the great combat-
t—he entered not the liſts—Beckford
t up, and begged the houſe, as he
v not his right honourable friend
re, to put off the debate—it could
t be done; ſo Beckford roſe up, and
de a moſt long, paſſionate, incohe-
t ſpeech, in defence of the Germa-
war—but very ſevere upon the un-
gal manner it was carried on—in
ich he addreſſed himſelf principally
the Chancellor of the Exchequer,
l laid him on terribly.—It ſeems the
ncery of Hanover had laid out
,000 pounds, on account, and
ught in our treaſury debtor—and the
nd debate was, for an honeſt exami-
ion of the particulars of this extra-
ant account, and for vouchers to au-

thenticate it.—Legge anſwered Beckford very rationally, and coolly—Lord N. ſpoke long—Sir F. Daſhwood maintained the German war was moſt pernicious—Mr. C——, of Surry, ſpoke well againſt the account, with ſome others—L. Barrington at laſt got up, and ſpoke half an hour with great plainneſs, and temper—explained a great many hidden ſprings relating to theſe accounts, in favour of the late King, and told two or three converſations which had paſſed between the King and himſelf, relative to theſe expences—which caſt great honour upon the King's character. This was with regard to the money the King had ſecretly furniſhed out of his pocket to leſſen the account of the Hanover-ſcore brought us to diſcharge.

Beckford and Barrington abuſed all who ſought for peace, and joined in the cry for it; and Beckford added, that the reaſons of wiſhing a peace now, were the ſame as the peace of Utrecht

—that the people behind the curtain could not both maintain the war and their places too, ſo were for making another ſacrifice of the nation, to their own intereſts—After all—the cry for a peace is ſo general, that it will certainly end in one. Now for myſelf.——

One half of the town abuſe my book as bitterly, as the other half cry it up to the ſkies—the beſt is, they abuſe and buy it, and at ſuch a rate, that we are going on with a ſecond edition, as faſt as poſſible.

I am going down for a day or two with Mr. Spencer, to Wimbleton; on Wedneſday there is to be a grand aſſembly at Lady N——. I have enquired every where about Stephen's affair, and can hear nothing—My friend, Mr. Charles Townſhend, will be now ſecretary of war*—he bid me wiſh him joy of it, though not in poſſeſſion.—I will aſk him—and depend, my moſt worthy

* He was appointed Secretary at war the 24th of March, 1761.

friend, that you ſhall not be ignorant of what I learn from him—believe me ever, ever,

Yours,

L. S.

LETTER XVI.

TO THE SAME.

MY DEAR SIR, [April 1761.]

A STRAIN which I got in my wriſt by a terrible fall, prevented my acknowledging the favour of your obliging letter. I went yeſterday morning to breakfaſt with Mr. V——, who is a kind of right hand man to the ſecretary, on purpoſe to enquire about the propriety, or feaſibility, of doing what you wiſh me—and he has told me an anecdote which, had you been here, would, I think, have made it wiſer to have deferred ſpeaking about the affair a month hence than now: it is this—You muſt know that the numbers of officers who have left their regi-

ments in Germany, for the pleaſures of the town, have been a long topic for merriment; as you ſee them in St. James's Coffee-houſe, and the park, every hour, enquiring, open mouth, how things go on in Germany, and what news;—when they ſhould have been there to have furniſhed news themſelves—but the worſt part has been, that many of them have left their brother officers on their duty, and in all the fatigues of it, and have come with no end but to make friends, to be put unfairly over the *heads of thoſe* who were left riſking *their lives*.—In this attempt there have been ſome but too ſucceſsful, which has juſtly raiſed ill-blood and complaints from the officers who ſtaid behind—the upſhot has been, that they have every ſoul been ordered off, and woe be to him ('tis ſaid) who ſhall be found liſtening! Now juſt to mention our friend's caſe whilſt this cry is on foot, I think would be doing more hurt than good; but if you think otherwiſe, I will go with all my heart, and mention

it to Mr. Townſhend, for to do more I am too inconſiderable a perſon to pretend to.—You made me and my friends here very merry with the accounts current at York, of my being forbid the court—but they do not conſider what a conſiderable perſon they make of me, when they ſuppoſe either my going, or my not going there, is a point that ever enters the King's head—and for thoſe about him, I have the honour either to ſtand ſo perſonally well known to them, or to be ſo well repreſented by thoſe of the firſt rank, as to fear no accident of that kind.

I thank God (B——'s excepted) I have never yet made a friend or connection I have forfeited, or done ought to forfeit—but, on the contrary, my true character is better underſtood, and where I had one friend laſt year, who did me honour, I have three now.—If my enemies knew, that by this rage of abuſe, and ill-will, they were effectually ſerving the intereſts both of myſelf, and works, they would be more quiet—but

it has been the fate of my betters, who have found, that the way to fame, is like the way to heaven—through much tribulation—and till I ſhall have the honour to be as much mal-treated as Rabelais and Swift were, I muſt continue humble; for I have not filled up the meaſure of half their *perſecutions*.

The court is turning topſy-turvy. Lord Bute, le premier *—Lord Talbot, to be groom of the chambers† in room of the D. of R——d—Lord Hallifax to Ireland‡—Sir F. Daſhwood in Talbot's place— Pitt ſeems unmoved—a peace inevitable—Stocks riſe—the peers this moment kiſſing hands, &c. &c. (this week may be chriſtened the kiſs-hands week) for a hundred changes will happen in conſequence of theſe. Pray

* Lord Bute was appointed Secretary of State on the 25th of March 1761.

† Lord Talbot was appointed Steward of the houſehold on the ſame day.

‡ Lord Hallifax was appointed Lord Lieutenant of Ireland on the 20th of March 1761.

preſent my compliments to Mrs. C— and all friends, and believe me, with the greateſt fidelity,

Your ever obliged

L. STERNE.

P. S. Is it not ſtrange that Lord Talbot ſhould have power to remove the Duke of R——d?

Pray when you have read this, ſend the news to Mrs. Sterne.

LETTER XVII.

TO J—— H—— S——, ESQ.

DEAR H——, Coxwould, July 28, 1761.

I SYMPATHISED for, or with you, on the detail you give me of your late agitations—and would willingly have taken my horſe, and trotted to the oracle to have enquired into the etymology of all your ſufferings, had I not been aſſured, that all that evacuation of bilious mat-

ter, with all that abdomical motion attending it (both which are equal to a month's purgation and exerciſe) will have left you better than it found you —Need one go to D——, to be told that all kind of mild (mark, I am going to talk more fooliſhly than your apothecary), opening, ſaponacious, dirty-ſhirt, ſud-waſhing liquors are proper for you, and conſequently all ſtyptical potations, death and deſtruction—if you had not ſhut up your gall-ducts by theſe, the glauber ſalts could not have hurt—as it was, 'twas like a match to the gunpowder, by raiſing a freſh combuſtion, as all phyſic does at firſt, ſo that you have been let off—nitre, brimſtone, and charcoal (which is blackneſs itſelf), all at one blaſt—'twas well the piece did not burſt, for I think it underwent great violence, and, as it is proof, will, I hope, do much ſervice in this militating world—Panty * is miſtaken, I quarrel with no one.—There

* The Reverend Mr. R—— L——.

was that coxcomb of —— in the houſe, who loſt temper with me for no reaſon upon earth but that I could not fall down and worſhip a brazen image of learning and eloquence, which he ſet up, to the perſecution of all true believers—I ſat down upon *his altar*, and whiſtled in the time of his divine ſervice—and broke down his carved work, and kicked his incenſe pot to the D——, ſo he retreated, *ſed non ſine felle in corde ſuo*.—I have wrote a clerum, whether I ſhall take my doctor's degrees or no—I am much in doubt, but I trow not.—I go on with Triſtram—I have bought ſeven hundred books at a purchaſe dog cheap—and many good—and I have been a week getting them ſet up in my beſt room here—why do not you tranſport yours to town, but I talk like a fool.—This will juſt catch you at your ſpaw—I wiſh you *incolumem apud Londinum*—do you go there for good and all—or ill?—I am, dear couſin,

Yours affectionately,

L. STERNE.

LETTER XVIII.

TO THE SAME.

Coxwould [about Auguſt], 1761.

DEAR H——,

I REJOICE you are in London—reſt you there in peace; here 'tis the devil.—You was a good prophet.—I wiſh myſelf back again, as you told me I ſhould—but not becauſe a thin, death-doing, peſtiferous, north-eaſt wind blows in a line directly from Crazy-caſtle turret full upon me in this cuckoldly retreat (for I value the north-eaſt wind and all its powers not a ſtraw),—but the tranſition from rapid motion to abſolute reſt was too violent.—I ſhould have walked about the ſtreets of York ten days, as a proper medium to have paſſed through, before I entered upon my reſt.—I ſtaid but a moment, and I have been here but a few, to ſatisfy me I have not managed my miſeries like a wiſe

man—and if God, for my conſolation under them, had not poured forth the ſpirit of Shandeiſm into me, which will not ſuffer me to think two moments upon any grave ſubject, I would elſe, juſt now lie down and die—die——and yet, in half an hour's time, I'll lay a guinea, I ſhall be as merry as a monkey—and as miſchievous too, and forget it all—ſo that this is but a copy of the preſent train running croſs my brain.—And ſo you think this curſed ſtupid—but that, my dear H., depends much upon the quotâ horâ of your ſhabby clock, if the pointer of it is in any quarter between ten in the morning or four in the afternoon—I give it up—or if the day is obſcured by dark engendering clouds of either wet or dry weather, I am ſtill loſt—but who knows but it may be five—and the day as fine a day as ever ſhone upon the earth ſince the deſtruction of Sodom—and peradventure your honour may have got a good hearty dinner today, and eat and drank your intellectuals into a placiduliſh and a blanduliſh

algama—to bear nonſenſe, ſo much that.

Tis as cold and churliſh juſt now, as God had not pleaſed it to be ſo) it ght to have been in bleak December, l therefore I am glad you are where r are, and where (I repeat it again) I h I was alſo—Curſe of poverty, and ence from thoſe we love!—they are great evils which embitter all things nd yet with the firſt I am not haunted ch.—As to matrimony, I ſhould be a ſt to rail at it, for my wife is eaſy—but world is not—and had I ſtaid from a ſecond longer, it would have been urning ſhame—elſe ſhe declares her- happier without me—but not in an- is this declaration made—but in pure er good-ſenſe, built on ſound experi- e—ſhe hopes you will be able to ke a bargain for me before this time lvemonth, to lead a bear round Eu- e: and from this hope from you, I rily believe it is, that you are ſo high her favour at preſent—She ſwears you a fellow of wit, though humorous;

a funny, jolly ſoul, though ſomewhat ſplenetic; and (bating the love of women) as honeſt as *gold*—how do you like the ſimile?—Oh, Lord! now are you going to Ranelagh to-night, and I am ſitting, ſorrowful as the prophet was, when the voice cried out to him and ſaid, "What doſt thou here, Elijah?"—'Tis well the ſpirit does not make the ſame at Coxwould—for unleſs for the few ſheep left me to take care of, in this wilderneſs, I might as well, nay better, be at Mecca—When we find we can, by a ſhifting of places, run away from ourſelves, what think you of a jaunt there, before we finally pay a viſit to the *vale of Jehoſaphat?*—As ill a fame as we have, I truſt I ſhall one day or other ſee you face to face—ſo tell the two colonels, if they love good company, to live righteouſly and ſoberly, as *you do*, and then they will have no doubts or dangers within or without them—preſent my beſt and warmeſt wiſhes to them, and adviſe the eldeſt to prop up his ſpirits, and get a rich dowager before the concluſion of

the peace—why will not the advice ſuit both, *par nobile fratrum?*

To-morrow morning (if Heaven permit) I begin the fifth volume* of Shandy—I care not a curſe for the critics—I'll load my vehicle with what goods *he* ſends me, and they may take 'em off my hands, or let them alone—I am very valorous—and 'tis in proportion as we retire from the world, and ſee it in its true dimenſions, that we deſpiſe it—no bad rant!—God above bleſs you! You know I am

Your affectionate Couſin,

LAURENCE STERNE.

What few remain of the Demoniacs, greet—and write me a letter, if you are able, as fooliſh as this.

* Alluding to the firſt edition.

LETTER XIX.

TO LADY ——.

Coxwould, Sept. 21, 1761.

I RETURN to my new habitation, fully determined to write as hard as can be, and thank you moſt cordially, my dear lady, for your letter of congratulation upon my Lord Fauconberg's having preſented me with the curacy of this place—though your congratulation comes ſomewhat of the lateſt, as I have been poſſeſſed of it ſome time.—I hope I have been of ſome ſervice to his Lordſhip, and he has ſufficiently requited me.—'Tis ſeventy guineas a year in my pocket, though worth a hundred—but it obliges me to have a curate to officiate at Sutton and Stillington.—'Tis within a mile of his Lordſhip's ſeat and park. 'Tis a very agreeable ride out in the chaiſe I purchaſed for my wife.—Lyd has a poney which ſhe delights in.—Whilſt they take theſe diverſions, I am

ſcribbling away at my Triſtram. Theſe two volumes are, I think, the beſt.—I ſhall write as long as I live, 'tis, in fact, my hobby-horſe: and ſo much am I delighted with my uncle Toby's imaginary character, that I am become an enthuſiaſt.—My Lydia helps to copy for me—and my wife knits, and liſtens as I read her chapters.—The coronation of his Majeſty (whom God preſerve!) has coſt me the value of an ox, which is to be roaſted whole in the middle of the town, and my pariſhioners will, I ſuppoſe, be very merry upon the occaſion.—You will then be in town—and feaſt your eyes with a fight, which 'tis to be hoped will not be in either of our powers to ſee again—for in point of age we have about twenty years the ſtart of his Majeſty.—And now, my dear friend, I muſt finiſh this—and with every wiſh for your happineſs conclude myſelf your moſt ſincere well-wiſher and friend,

L. STERNE.

LETTER XX.

TO DAVID GARRICK, ESQ.

MY DEAR FRIEND, Paris, Jan. 31, 1762.

THINK not, becauſe I have been a fortnight in this metropolis without writing to you, that therefore I have not had you and Mrs. Garrick a hundred times in my head and heart—heart! yes, yes, ſay you—but I muſt not waſte paper in *badinage* this poſt, whatever I do the next. Well! here I am, my friend, as much improved in my health, for the time, as ever your friendſhip could wiſh, or at leaſt your faith give credit to—by the bye I am ſomewhat worſe in my intellectuals, for my head is turned round with what I ſee, and the unexpected honours I have met with here. Triſtram was almoſt as much known here as in London, at leaſt among your men of condition and learning, and has got me introduced into ſo many circles ('tis

comme à Londres). I have juſt now a fortnight's dinners and ſuppers upon my hands—My application to the Count de Choiſeul goes on ſwimmingly, for not only Mr. Pelletiere (who, by the bye, ſends ten thouſand civilities to you and Mrs. Garrick) has undertaken my affair, but the Count de Limbourgh—the Baron d'Holbach, has offered any ſecurity for the inoffenſiveneſs of my behaviour in France—'tis more, you rogue! than you will do—This Baron is one of the moſt learned noblemen here, the great protector of wits, and the Sçavans who are no wits—keeps open houſe three days a week—his houſe is now, as yours was to me, my own—he lives at great expence—'Twas an odd incident when I was introduced to the Count de Biſſie, which I was at his deſire—I found him reading Triſtram—this grandee does me great honours, and gives me leave to go a private way through his apartments into the palais royal, to view the Duke of Orleans' collections, every day I have time—I have been at the doctors of

Sorbonne—I hope in a fortnight to break through, or rather from, the delights of this place, which, in the *ſçavoir vivre*, exceed all the places, I believe, in this ſection of the globe——

I am going, when this letter is wrote, with Mr. Fox, and Mr. Maccartny to Verſailles—the next morning I wait upon Monſ. Titon, in company with Mr. Maccartny, who is known to him, to deliver your commands. I have bought you the pamphlet upon theatrical, or rather tragical, declamation—I have bought another in verſe, worth reading, and you will receive them, with what I can pick up this week, by a ſervant of Mr. Hodges, whom he is ſending back to England.

I was laſt night with Mr. Fox to ſee Mademoiſelle Clairon, in *Iphigene*—ſhe is extremely great—would to God you had one or two like her—what a luxury, to ſee you with one of ſuch powers in the ſame intereſting ſcene—but 'tis too much—Ah! Preville! thou art Mercury himſelf—By virtue of taking a couple

of boxes, we have beſpoke, this week, *The Frenchman in London*, in which Preville is to ſend us home to ſupper, *all happy*—I mean about fifteen or ſixteen Engliſh of diſtinction, who are now here, and live well with each other.

I am under great obligations to Mr. Pitt, who has behaved in every reſpect to me like a man of good breeding, and good nature—In a poſt or two, I will write again—Foley is an honeſt ſoul—I could write ſix volumes of what has paſſed comically in this great ſcene, ſince theſe laſt fourteen days—but more of this hereafter.—We are all going into mourning; nor you, nor Mrs. Garrick, would know me, if you met me in my *remiſe*—bleſs you both! Service to Mrs. Denis. Adieu, adieu!

L. S.

LETTER XXI.

TO LADY D——.

London *, Feb. 1, 1762.

YOUR Ladyſhip's kind enquiries after my health are indeed kind, and of a piece with the reſt of your character. Indeed I am very ill, having broke a veſſel in my lungs—hard writing in the ſummer, together with preaching, which I have not ſtrength for, is ever fatal to me—but I cannot avoid the latter yet, and the former is too pleaſurable to be given up—I believe I ſhall try if the ſouth of France will not be of ſervice to me—his G. of Y. has moſt humanely given me the permiſſion for a year or two—I ſhall ſet off with great hopes of its efficacy, and ſhall write to my wife and daughter to come and join me at Paris, elſe my ſtay could not be ſo long

* This Letter, though dated from *London*, was evidently written at *Paris*.

—" Le Fever's ſtory has beguiled your Ladyſhip of your tears," and the thought of the accuſing ſpirit flying up to heaven's chancery with the oath, you are kind enough to ſay is ſublime—my friend, Mr. Garrick, thinks ſo too, and I am moſt vain of his approbation—your Ladyſhip's opinion adds not a little to my vanity.

I wiſh I had time to take a little excurſion to Bath, were it only to thank you for all the obliging things you ſay in your letter—but 'tis impoſſible—accept at leaſt my warmeſt thanks—If I could tempt my friend Mr. H. to come to France, I ſhould be truly happy—If I can be of any ſervice to you at Paris, command him who is, and ever will be,

Your Ladyſhip's faithful

L. STERNE.

LETTER XXII.

TO DAVID GARRICK, ESQ.

DEAR GARRICK, Paris, March 19, 1763.

THIS will be put into your hands by Doctor Shippen, a phyſician, who has been here ſome time with Miſs Poyntz, and is this moment ſetting off for your metropolis; ſo I ſnatch the opportunity of writing to you and my kind friend Mrs. Garrick.—I ſee nothing like her here, and yet I have been introduced to one half of their beſt Goddeſſes, and in a month more ſhall be admitted to the ſhrines of the other half—but I neither worſhip—or fall (much) upon my knees before them; but, on the contrary, have converted many unto Shandeiſm—for be it known, I Shandy it away fifty times more than I was ever wont, talk more nonſenſe than ever you heard me talk in your days—and to all ſorts of people. *Qui le diable eſt cet homme là*—ſaid Choiſeul,

t'other day—ce Chevalier Shandy—You'll think me as vain as a devil, was I to tell you the reſt of the dialogue—whether the bearer knows it or no, I know not—'Twill ſerve up after ſupper, in Southampton-ſtreet, amongſt other ſmall diſhes, after the fatigues of Richard the IIId—O God! they have nothing here, which gives the nerves ſo ſmart a blow, as thoſe great characters in the hands of Garrick! but I forgot I am writing to the man himſelf——The devil take (as he will) theſe tranſports of enthuſiaſm! Apropos—the whole City of Paris is *bewitch'd* with the comic opera, and if it was not for the affair of the Jeſuits, which takes up one half of our talk, the comic opera would have it all—It is a tragical nuiſance in all companies as it is, and was it not for ſome ſudden ſtarts and daſhes—of Shandeiſm, which now and then either breaks the thread, or entangles it ſo, that the devil himſelf would be puzzled in winding it

off—I ſhould die a martyr—this by the way I never will——

I ſend you over ſome of theſe comic operas by the bearer, with the *Sallen*, a ſatire—The French comedy, I ſeldom viſit it—they act ſcarce any thing but tragedies—and the Clairon is great, and Madlle. Dumeſnil, in ſome places, ſtill greater than her—yet I cannot bear preaching—I fancy I got a ſurfeit of it in my younger days.—There is a tragedy to be damn'd to-night—peace be with it, and the gentle brain which made it! I have ten thouſand things to tell you I cannot write—I do a thouſand things which cut no figure, *but in the doing*—and as in London, I have the honour of having done and ſaid a thouſand things I never did or dream'd of—and yet I dream abundantly—If the devil ſtood behind me in the ſhape of a courier, I could not write faſter than I do, having five letters more to diſpatch by the ſame Gentleman; he is going into another ſection of the globe, and

when he has ſeen you, he will depart in peace.

The Duke of Orleans has ſuffered my portrait to be added to the number of ſome odd men in his collection; and a gentleman who lives with him has taken it moſt expreſſively, at full length —I purpoſe to obtain an etching of it, and to ſend it you—your prayer for me of *roſy health*, is heard—If I ſtay here for three or four months, I ſhall return more than reinſtated. My love to Mrs. Garrick.

I am, my dear Garrick,

Your moſt humble Servant,

L. STERNE.

LETTER XXIII.

TO THE SAME.

Paris, April 10, 1762.

MY DEAR GARRICK,

I SNATCH the occaſion of Mr. Wilcox (the late Biſhop of Rocheſter's ſon) leaving this place for England, to write to you, and I incloſe it to Hall, who will put it into your hand, poſſibly behind the ſcenes. I hear no news of you, or your *empire*, I would have ſaid *kingdom*—but here every thing is hyperbolized—and if a woman is but ſimply pleaſed—'tis *Je ſuis charmé*—and if ſhe is charmed, 'tis nothing leſs than that ſhe is *ravi*-ſh'd—and when ravi-ſh'd (which may happen) there is nothing left for her but to fly to the other world for a metaphor, and ſwear, qu'elle etoit toute *extaſiée*—which mode of ſpeaking is, by the bye, here creeping into uſe, and there is ſcarce a woman who underſtands the *bon ton* but is ſeven times in

a day in downright extaſy—that is, the devil's in her—by a ſmall miſtake of one world for the other——Now, where am I got?

I have been theſe two days reading a tragedy, given me by a lady of talents to read, and conjecture if it would do for you—'Tis from the plan of Diderot, and poſſibly half a tranſlation of it—The Natural Son, or the Triumph of Virtue, in five acts—It has too much ſentiment in it (at leaſt for me), the ſpeeches too long, and ſavour too much of *preaching*—this may be a ſecond reaſon, it is not to my taſte—'Tis all love, love, love, throughout, without much ſeparation in the character; ſo I fear it would not do for your ſtage, and perhaps for the very reaſons which recommend it to a French one.—After a vile ſuſpenſion of three weeks—we are beginning with our comedies and operas again—yours I hear never flouriſhed more—here the comic actors were never ſo low—the tragedians hold up their heads—in all ſenſes. I have known *one*

little man ſupport the theatrical world, like a David Atlas, upon his ſhoulders, but Preville can't do half as much here, though Mad^lle^. Clairon ſtands by him, and ſets her back to his—ſhe is very great, however, and highly improved ſince you ſaw her—ſhe alſo ſupports her dignity at table, and has her public day every Thurſday, when ſhe *gives to eat* (as they ſay here) to all that are hungry and dry.

You are much talked of here, and much expected as ſoon as the peace will let you—theſe two laſt days you have happened to engroſs the whole converſation at two great houſes where I was at dinner—'Tis the greateſt problem in nature, in this meridian, that one and the ſame man ſhould poſſeſs ſuch tragic and comic powers, and in ſuch an equilibrio, as to divide the world for which of the two Nature intended him.

Crebillion has made a convention with me, which, if he is not too lazy, will be no bad *perſiflage*—as ſoon as I get to Toulouſe he has agreed to write

me an expoſtulatory letter upon the indecorums of T. Shandy—which is to be anſwered by recrimination upon the liberties in his own works—theſe are to be printed together—Crebillion againſt Sterne—Sterne againſt Crebillion—the copy to be ſold, and the money equally divided—This is good Swiſs-policy.

I am recovered greatly, and if I could ſpend one whole winter at Toulouſe, I ſhould be fortified, in my inner man, beyond all danger of relapſing.—A ſad aſthma my daughter has been martyr'd with theſe three winters, but moſtly this laſt, makes it, I fear, neceſſary ſhe ſhould try the laſt remedy of a warmer and ſofter air, ſo I am going this week to Verſailles, to wait upon Count Choiſeul to ſolicit paſſports for them—If this ſyſtem takes place, they join me here—and after a month's ſtay we all decamp for the ſouth of France—if not, I ſhall ſee you in June next. Mr. Fox, and Mr. Maccartny, having left Paris, I live altogether in French families—I laugh till I cry, and in the

ſame tender moments *cry till I laugh.* I Shandy it more than ever, and verily do believe, that by mere Shandeiſm, ſublimated by a laughter-loving people, I fence as much againſt infirmities, as I do by the benefit of air and climate. Adieu, dear Garrick! preſent ten thouſand of my beſt reſpects and wiſhes to and for my friend Mrs. Garrick—had ſhe been laſt night upon the Tuilleries, ſhe would have annihilated a thouſand French goddeſſes, *in one ſingle turn.*

I am moſt truly,
my dear friend,

L. STERNE.

LETTER XXIV.

TO MRS. STERNE, YORK.

MY DEAR, Paris, May 16th, 1762.

IT is a thouſand to one that this reaches you before you have ſet out—However I take the chance—you will receive one wrote laſt night, the moment you

get to Mr. E. and to wiſh you joy of your arrival in town—to that letter which you will find in town, I have nothing to add that I can think on—for I have almoſt drain'd my brains dry upon the ſubject.—For God ſake riſe early and gallop away in the cool—and always ſee that you have not forgot your baggage in changing poſt-chaiſes—— You will find good tea upon the road from York to Dover—only bring a little to carry you from Calais to Paris —give the Cuſtom-Houſe Officers what I told you—at Calais give more, if you have much Scotch ſnuff—but as tobacco is good here, you had beſt bring a Scotch mill and make it yourſelf, that is, order your valet to manufacture it —'twill keep him out of miſchief.—I would adviſe you to take three days in coming up, for fear of heating yourſelves—See that they do not give you a bad vehicle, when a better is in the yard, but you will look ſharp—drink ſmall Rheniſh to keep you cool (that is if you like it). Live well, and deny

yourſelves nothing your hearts wiſh. So God in heaven proſper and go along with you—kiſs my Lydia, and believe me both affectionately,

Yours,

L. STERNE.

LETTER XXV.

TO THE SAME.

MY DEAR, Paris, May 31, 1762.

THERE have no mails arrived here 'till this morning, for three poſts, ſo I expected with great impatience a letter from you and Lydia—and lo! it is arrived. You are as buſy as Throp's wife, and by the time you receive this, you will be buſier ſtill—I have exhauſted all my ideas about your journey—and what is needful for you to do before and during it—ſo I write only to tell you I am well—Mr. Colebrooks, the miniſter of Swiſſerland's ſecretary, I got this morning to write a letter for you to the governor of the Cuſtom-

Houſe-Office, at Calais—it ſhall be ſent you next poſt.—You muſt be cautious about Scotch ſnuff—take half a pound in your pocket, and make Lyd do the ſame. 'Tis well I bought you a chaiſe—there is no getting one in Paris now, but at an enormous price—for they are all ſent to the army, and ſuch a one as yours we have not been able to match for forty guineas, for a friend of mine who is going from hence to Italy—the weather was never known to ſet in ſo hot, as it has done the latter end of this month, ſo he and his party are to get into his chaiſes by four in the morning, and travel 'till nine—and not ſtir out again 'till ſix;—but I hope this ſevere heat will abate by the time you come here—however, I beg of you once more to take ſpecial care of heating your blood in travelling and come *tout doucement*, when you find the heat too much—I ſhall look impatiently for intelligence from you, and hope to hear all goes well; that you conquer all difficulties, that you have received your

paſs-port, my picture, &c. Write and tell me ſomething of every thing. I long to ſee you both, you may be aſſured, my dear wife and child, after ſo long a ſeparation——and write me a line directly, that I may have all the notice you can give me, that I may have apartments ready and fit for you when you arrive.—For my own part I ſhall continue writing to you a fortnight longer—preſent my reſpects to all friends—you have bid Mr. C. get my viſitations at P. done for me, &c. &c. If any offers are made about the incloſure at Raſcal, they muſt be encloſed to me—nothing that is fairly propoſed ſhall ſtand ſtill on my ſcore. Do all for the beſt, as He who guides all things will I hope do for us—ſo Heaven preſerve you both—believe me

Your affectionate

L. STERNE.

Love to my Lydia—I have bought her a gold watch to preſent to her when ſhe comes.

LETTER XXVI.

TO THE SAME.

MY DEAR, Paris, June 7, 1762.

I KEEP my promiſe and write to you again—I am ſorry the bureau muſt be open'd for the deeds—but you will ſee it done—I imagine you are convinced of the neceſſity of bringing three hundred pounds in your pocket—if you conſider, Lydia muſt have two ſlight negligees—you will want a new gown or two—as for painted linens, buy them in town, they will be more admired becauſe Engliſh than French.—Mrs. H. writes me word that I am miſtaken about buying ſilk cheaper at Toulouſe than Paris, that ſhe adviſes you to buy what you want here—where they are very beautiful and cheap, as well as blonds, gauzes, &c.—theſe I ſay will all coſt you ſixty guineas—and you muſt have them—for in this country

nothing muſt be ſpared for the back—and if you dine on an onion, and lie in a garret ſeven ſtories high, you muſt not betray it in your cloaths, according to which you are well or ill look'd on. When we are got to Toulouſe, we muſt begin to turn the penny, and we may (if you do not game much) live very cheap—I think that expreſſion will divert you—and now God knows I have not a wiſh but for your health, comfort, and ſafe arrival here—write to me every other poſt, that I may know how you go on—you will be in raptures with your chariot—Mr. R. a gentleman of fortune, who is going to Italy, and has ſeen it, has offered me thirty guineas for my bargain.—You will wonder all the way, how I am to find room in it for a third—to eaſe you of this wonder, 'tis by what the coach-makers here call a cave, which is a ſecond bottom added to that you ſet your feet upon, which lets the perſon (who ſits over-againſt you) down with his knees to your ancles, and by which you have all

more room—and what is more, leſs heat, —becauſe his head does not intercept the fore-glaſs—little or nothing—Lyd and I will enjoy this by turns; ſometimes I ſhall take a bidet—(a little poſt horſe) and ſcamper before—at other times I ſhall ſit in freſco upon the arm-chair without doors, and one way or other will do very well.—I am under infinite obligations to Mr. Thornhill, for accommodating me thus, and ſo genteelly, for 'tis like making a preſent of it.—Mr. T—— will ſend you an order to receive it at Calais—and now, my dear girls, have I forgot any thing?

Adieu, adieu!

Yours moſt affectionately,

L. STERNE.

A week or ten days will enable you to ſee every thing—and ſo long you muſt ſtay to reſt your bones.

LETTER XXVII.

TO THE SAME.

MY DEAREST, Paris, June 14, 1762.

HAVING an opportunity of writing by a friend who is ſetting out this morning for London, I write again, in caſe the two laſt letters I have wrote this week to you ſhould be detained by contrary winds at Calais—I have wrote to Mr. E——, by the ſame hand, to thank him for his kindneſs to you in the handſomeſt manner I could—and have told him, his good heart, and his wife's, have made them overlook the trouble of having you at his houſe, but that if he takes you apartments near him, they will have occaſion ſtill enough left to ſhew their friendſhip to us—I have begged him to aſſiſt you, and ſtand by you as if he was in my place, with regard to the ſale of the Shandys—and then the copyright—Mark to keep theſe things diſtinct in your head—But Becket I have

ever found to be a man of probity, and I dare ſay you will have very little trouble in finiſhing matters with him—and I would rather wiſh you to treat with him than with another man—but whoever buys the fifth and ſixth volumes of Shandys, muſt have the nay-ſay of the ſeventh and eighth *.—I wiſh, when you come here, in caſe the weather is too hot to travel, you could think it pleaſant to go to the Spa for four or ſix weeks, where we ſhould live for half the money we ſhould ſpend at Paris—after that, we ſhould take the ſweeteſt ſeaſon of the vintage to go to the ſouth of France—but we will put our heads together, and you ſhall juſt do as you pleaſe in this, and in every thing which depends on me—for I am a being perfectly contented, when others are pleaſed—to bear and forbear will ever be my maxim—only I fear the heats through a journey of five hundred miles for you, and my Lydia, more than for myſelf.—Do not forget the watch chains—bring a couple for a

* Alluding to the firſt edition.

gentleman's watch likewiſe; we ſhall lie under great obligations to the Abbé M., and muſt make him ſuch a ſmall acknowledgment; according to my way of flouriſhing, 'twill be a preſent worth a kingdom to him—They have bad pins, and vile needles here—bring for yourſelf, and ſome for preſents—as alſo a ſtrong bottle-ſkrew, for whatever Scrub we may hire as butler, coachman, &c. to uncork us our Frontiniac—You will find a letter for you at the Lyon D'Argent—Send for your chaiſe into the court-yard, and ſee all is tight—Buy a chain, at Calais, ſtrong enough not to be cut off, and let your portmanteau be tied on the forepart of your chaiſe for fear of a dog's trick—ſo God bleſs you both, and remember me to my Lydia.

I am yours affectionately,

L. STERNE.

LETTER XXVIII.

TO THE SAME.

MY DEAREST, Paris, June 17, 1762.

PROBABLY you will receive another letter with this, by the ſame poſt—if ſo, read this the laſt—It will be the laſt you can poſſibly receive at York, for I hope it will catch you juſt as you are upon the wing—if that ſhould happen, I ſuppoſe in courſe you have executed the contents of it, in all things which relate to pecuniary matters, and when theſe are ſettled to your mind, you will have got through your laſt difficulty—every thing elſe will be a ſtep of pleaſure, and by the time you have got half a dozen ſtages, you will ſet up your pipes and ſing Te Deum together, as you whiſk it along.—Deſire Mr. C—— to ſend me a proper letter of attorney by you, he will receive it back by return of poſt. You have done every thing well with regard to our Sutton and Stillington

affairs, and left things in the beſt channel—if I was not ſure you muſt have long ſince got my picture, garnets, &c., I would write and ſcold Mr. T—— abominably—he put them in Becket's hands to be forwarded by the ſtage-coach to you, as ſoon as he got to town.—I long to hear from you, and that all my letters and things are come ſafe to you, and then you will ſay that I have not been a bad lad—for you will find I have been writing continually, as I wiſhed you to do—Bring your ſilver coffee-pot, 'twill ſerve both to give water, lemonade, and orjead—to ſay nothing of coffee and chocolate, which, by the bye, is both cheap and good at Toulouſe, like other things—I had like to have forgot a moſt neceſſary thing, there are no copper tea-kettles to be had in France, and we ſhall find ſuch a thing the moſt comfortable utenſil in the houſe—buy a good ſtrong one, which will hold two quarts—a diſh of tea will be of comfort to us in our journey ſouth——I have a bronze tea-pot, which we will carry alſo—as

ia cannot be brought over from Eng-
d, we muſt make up a villanous par-
coloured tea equipage, to regale our-
es, and our Engliſh friends, whilſt
are at Toulouſe—I hope you have got
ir bill from Becket.—There is a good-
ured kind of a trader I have juſt
rd of, at Mr. Foley's, who they think
l be coming off from England to
ince, with horſes, the latter end of
ie. He happened to come over with a
y, who is ſiſter to Mr. Foley's part-
, and I have got her to write a letter
him in London, this poſt, to beg he
l ſeek you out at Mr. E——'s, and,
caſe a cartel ſhip does not go off be-
e he goes, to take you under his care.
: was infinitely friendly, in the ſame
ice, laſt year, to the lady who now
ites to him, and nurſed her on ſhip-
ard, and defended her by land with
eat good-will.—Do not ſay I forget
u, or whatever can be conducive to
ur eaſe of mind, in this journey—I
ſh I was with you, to do theſe offices
yſelf, and to ſtrew roſes on your way

—but I ſhall have time and occaſion to ſhew you I am not wanting—Now, my dears, once more pluck up your ſpirits —truſt in God—in me—and in yourſelves—with this, was you put to it, you would encounter all theſe difficulties ten times told—Write inſtantly, and tell me you triumph over all fears; tell me Lydia is better, and a helpmate to you—You ſay ſhe grows like me—let her ſhew me ſhe does ſo in her contempt of ſmall dangers, and fighting againſt the apprehenſions of them, which is better ſtill. As I will not have F.'s ſhare of the books, you will inform him ſo—Give my love to Mr. Fothergill, and to thoſe true friends which Envy has ſpared me—and for the reſt, *laiſſez paſſer*—You will find I ſpeak French tolerably—but I only wiſh to be underſtood.—You will ſoon ſpeak better; a month's play with a French Demoiſelle will make Lyd chatter like a magpye. Mrs. —— underſtood not a word of it, when ſhe got here, and writes me word ſhe begins to prate apace—you will do the ſame in a

fortnight—Dear Beſs, I have a thouſand wiſhes, but have a hope for every one of them—You ſhall chant the ſame *jubilate*, my dears, ſo God bleſs you. My duty to Lydia, which implies my love too. Adieu, believe me

Your affectionate

L. STERNE.

Memorandum: Bring watch-chains, tea-kettle, knives, cookery-book, &c.

You will ſmile at this laſt article—ſo adieu—At Dover, the Croſs Keys; at Calais, the Lyon D'Argent—the maſter, a Turk in grain.

LETTER XXIX.

TO LADY D.

Paris, July 9, 1762.

I WILL not ſend your ladyſhip the trifles you bid me purchaſe without a line. I am very well pleaſed with Paris—indeed I meet with ſo many civilities

amongſt the people here, that I muſt ſing their praiſes—the French have a great deal of urbanity in their compoſition, and to ſtay a little time amongſt them will be agreeable.—I ſpluttet French ſo as to be underſtood—but I have had a droll adventure here in which my Latin was of ſome ſervice to me—I had hired a chaiſe and a horſe to go about ſeven miles into the country, but, *Shandean-like*, did not take notice that the horſe was almoſt dead when I took him—Before I got half-way, the poor animal dropped down dead—ſo I was forced to appear before the Police, and began to tell my ſtory in French, which was, that the poor beaſt had to do with a worſe beaſt than himſelf, namely *his maſter*, who had driven him all the day before (Jehu like), and that he had neither had corn, or hay, therefore I was not to pay for the horſe—but I might as well have whiſtled, as have ſpoke French, and I believe my Latin was equal to my uncle Toby's Lilabulero—being not underſtood becauſe of its purity, but by

dint of words I forced my judge to do me juſtice—no common thing, by the way, in France.—My wife and daughter are arrived—the latter does nothing but look out of the window, and complain of the torment of being frizled.—I wiſh ſhe may ever remain a child of nature—I hate children of art.

I hope this will find your ladyſhip well—and that you will be kind enough to direct to me at Toulouſe, which place I ſhall ſet out for very ſoon. I am, with truth and ſincerity,

Your Ladyſhip's

Moſt faithful

L. STERNE.

LETTER XXX.

TO MR. E.

DEAR SIR, Paris, July 12, 1762.

MY wife and daughter arrived here ſafe and ſound on Thurſday, and are in high raptures with the ſpeed and

pleaſantneſs of their journey, and particularly of all they ſee and meet with here. But in their journey from York to Paris nothing has given them a more ſenſible and laſting pleaſure, than the marks of kindneſs they received from you and Mrs. E.—The friendſhip, goodwill, and politeneſs of my two friends I never doubted to me, or mine, and I return you both all a grateful man is capable of, which is merely my thanks. I have taken, however, the liberty of ſending an Indian taffety, which Mrs. E. muſt do me the honour to wear for my wife's ſake, who would have got it made up, but that Mr. Stanhope, the Conſul of Algiers, who ſets off to-morrow morning for London, has been ſo kind (I mean his lady) as to take charge of it; and we had but juſt time to procure it: and had we miſſed that opportunity, as we ſhould have been obliged to have left it behind us at Paris, we knew not when or how to get it to our friend.—I wiſh it had been better worth a paragraph. If there is any thing we can

buy or procure for you here (intelligence included), you have a right to command me—for I am yours, with my wife and girl's kind love to you and Mrs. E.

LAU. STERNE.

LETTER XXXI.

TO J— H— S—, ESQ.

Toulouſe, Auguſt 12, 1762.

MY DEAR H.

BY the time you have got to the end of this long letter, you will perceive that I have not been able to anſwer your laſt till now—I have had the intention of doing it almoſt as often as my prayers in my head—'tis thus we uſe our beſt friends—What an infamous ſtory is that you have told me!—After ſome little remarks on it, the reſt of my letter will go on, like ſilk. ****— is a good-natured old eaſy fool, and has been deceived by the moſt artful of her

ſex, and ſhe muſt have abundance of impudence and charlatanery, to have carried on ſuch a farce. I pity the old man for being taken in for ſo much money—a man of ſenſe I ſhould have laughed at—My wife ſaw her when in town, and ſhe had not the appearance of poverty; but when ſhe wants to melt ****'s heart, ſhe puts her gold watch and diamond rings in her drawer.—But he might have been aware of her. I could not have been miſtaken in her character—and 'tis odd ſhe ſhould talk of her wealth to one, and tell another the reverſe—ſo good night to her—About a week or ten days before my wife arrived at Paris, I had the ſame accident I had at Cambridge, of breaking a veſſel in my lungs. It happened in the night, and I bled the bed full, and finding in the morning I was likely to bleed to death, I ſent immediately for a ſurgeon to bleed me at both arms—this ſaved me, and, with lying ſpeechleſs three days, I recovered upon my back in bed; the breach healed, and, in a

week after, I got out—This, with my weakneſs and hurrying about, made me think it high time to haſte to Toulouſe.—We have had four months of ſuch heats that the oldeſt Frenchman never remembers the like—'twas as hot as *Nebuchadnezzar's oven*, and never has relaxed one hour—in the height of this, 'twas our deſtiny (or rather deſtruction) to ſet out by way of Lyons, Montpellier, &c. to ſhorten, I trow, our ſufferings—Good God!—but 'tis over—and here I am in my own houſe, quite ſettled by M—'s aid, and good-natured offices, for which I owe him more than I can expreſs or know how to pay at preſent.—'Tis in the prettieſt ſituation in Toulouſe, with near two acres of garden—the houſe too good by half for us—well furniſhed, for which I pay thirty pounds a year.—I have got a good cook—my wife a decent *femme de chambre*, and a good looking *laquais*—The Abbé has planned our expences, and ſet us in ſuch a train, we cannot eaſily go wrong—though by the bye, the d——l is ſeldom found ſleeping

under a hedge. Mr. Trotter dined with me the day before I left Paris—I took care to ſee all executed according to your directions—but Trotter, I dare ſay, by this, has wrote to you—I made him happy beyond expreſſion with your Crazy Tales, and more ſo with its frontiſpiece.—I am in ſpirits, writing a crazy chapter—with my face turned towards thy turret—'Tis now I wiſh all warmer climates, countries, and every thing elſe, at ——, that ſeparates me from our paternal ſeat—*ce ſera là où repoſera ma cendre—et ce ſera là où mon couſin viendra repondre les pleurs dues à notre amitié.* —I am taking aſſes milk three times a day, and cows milk as often—I long to ſee thy face again once more—Greet the Colonel kindly in my name, and thank him cordially from me for his many civilities to Madame and Mademoiſelle Shandy at York, who ſend all due acknowledgments. The humour is over for France, and Frenchmen, but that is not enough for your affectionate couſin,

L. S.

(A year will tire us all out, I trow) but thank heaven the poſt brings me a letter from my Anthony—I felicitate you upon what Meſſrs. the Reviewers allow you—they have too much judgment themſelves not to allow you what you are actually poſſeſs'd of, "talents, wit, and humour."—Well, write on, my dear couſin, and be guided by thy own fancy.—Oh! how I envy you all at Crazy Caſtle!—I could like to ſpend a month with you—and ſhould return back again for the vintage.—I honour the man that has given the world an idea of our parental ſeat—'tis well done—I look at it ten times a day with a *quando te aſpiciam?*—Now farewell—remember me to my beloved Colonel—greet Panty moſt lovingly on my behalf, and if Mrs. C—— and Miſs C——, *&c.* are at G—, greet them likewiſe with a holy kiſs—So God bleſs you.

LETTER XXXII.

TO MR. FOLEY, AT PARIS.

Toulouſe, Auguſt 14, 1764.

MY DEAR FOLEY,

AFTER many turnings (*alias* digreſſions) to ſay nothing of downright overthrows, ſtops, and delays, we have arrived in three weeks at Toulouſe, and are now ſettled in our houſes with ſervants, &c. about us, and look as compoſed as if we had been here ſeven years.—In our journey we ſuffered ſo much from the heats, it gives me pain to remember it—I never ſaw a cloud from Paris to Niſmes half as broad as a twenty-four ſols piece.—Good God! we were toaſted, roaſted, grill'd, ſtew'd and carbonaded on one ſide or other all the way—and being all done enough (*aſſez cuits*) in the day, we were eat up at night by bugs, and other unſwept out vermin, the legal inhabitants (if length

of poſſeſſion gives right) of every inn we lay at—Can you conceive a worſe accident than that in ſuch a journey, in the hotteſt day and hour of it, four miles from either tree or ſhrub which could caſt a ſhade of the ſize of one of Eve's fig leaves—that we ſhould break a hind wheel into ten thouſand pieces, and be obliged in conſequence to ſit five hours on a gravelly road, without one drop of water, or poſſibility of getting any—To mend the matter, my two poſtillions were two dough-hearted fools, and fell a crying—Nothing was to be done! By heaven, quoth I, pulling off my coat and waiſtcoat, ſomething ſhall be done, for I'll thraſh you both within an inch of your lives—and then make you take each of you a horſe, and ride like two devils to the next poſt for a cart to carry my baggage, and a wheel to carry ourſelves—Our luggage weighed ten quintals —'twas the fair of Baucaire—all the world was going, or returning—we were aſk'd by every ſoul who paſs'd by us, if we were going to the fair of Baucaire—No

wonder, quoth I, we have goods enough! *vouz avez raiſon, mes amis.*

Well! here we are after all, my dear friend—and moſt deliciouſly placed at the extremity of the town, in an excellent houſe well furniſh'd, and elegant beyond any thing I look'd for—'Tis built in the form of a hotel, with a pretty court towards the town—and behind, the beſt garden in Toulouſe, laid out in ſerpentine walks, and ſo large that the company in our quarter uſually come to walk there in the evenings, for which they have my conſent—"the more the merrier."—The houſe conſiſts of a good *ſalle à manger* above ſtairs joining to the very great *ſalle à compagnie* as large as the Baron D'Holbach's; three handſome bed-chambers with dreſſing rooms to them—below ſtairs two very good rooms for myſelf, one to ſtudy in, the other to ſee company.—I have moreover cellars round the court, and all other offices—Of the ſame landlord I have bargained to have the uſe of a country-houſe which he has two

miles out of town, ſo that myſelf and all my family have nothing more to do than to take our hats and remove from the one to the other——My landlord is moreover to keep the gardens in order —and what do you think I am to pay for all this? neither more or leſs than thirty pounds a year—all things are cheap in proportion—ſo we ſhall live for very very little.—I dined yeſterday with Mr. H——; he is moſt pleaſantly ſituated, and they are all well.—As for the books you have received for D——, the bookſeller was a fool not to ſend the bill along with them—I will write to him about it.—I wiſh you was with me for two months; it would cure you of all evils ghoſtly and bodily—but this, like many other wiſhes both for you and myſelf, muſt have its completion elſewhere—Adieu, my kind friend, and believe that I love you as much from inclination as reaſon, for

I am moſt truly yours,

L. STERNE.

My wife and girl join in compliments to you—My beſt reſpects to my worthy Baron d'Holbach and all that ſociety—Remember me to my friend Mr. Panchaud.

LETTER XXXIII.

TO J— H— S—, ESQ.

MY DEAR H. Toulouſe, Oct. 19, 1762.

I RECEIVED your letter yeſterday—ſo it has been travelling from Crazy Caſtle to Toulouſe full eighteen days—If I had nothing to ſtop me I would engage to ſet out this morning, and knock at Crazy Caſtle gates in three days leſs time—by which time I ſhould find you and the Colonel, Panty, &c. all alone—the ſeaſon I moſt wiſh and like to be with you—I rejoice from my heart, down to my reins, that you have ſnatch'd ſo many happy and ſunſhiny days out of the hands of the blue devils—If we live to meet and join our forces as heretofore, we will give theſe gentry

a drubbing—and turn them for ever out of their uſurped citadel—ſome legions of them have been put to flight already by your operations this laſt campaign—and I hope to have a hand in diſperſing the remainder the firſt time my dear couſin ſets up his banners again under the ſquare tower——But what art thou meditating with axes and hammers?—"*I know the pride and the naughtineſs of thy heart,*" and thou loveſt the ſweet viſions of architraves, friezes and pediments with their tympanums, and thou haſt found out a pretence, *à raiſon de cinq cent livres ſterling* to be laid out in four years, &c. &c. (ſo as not to be felt, which is always added by the d——l as a bait) to juſtify thyſelf unto thyſelf—It may be very wiſe to do this—but 'tis wiſer to keep one's money in one's pocket, whilſt there are wars without and rumours of wars within. St. —— adviſes his diſciples to ſell both coat and waiſtcoat—and go rather without ſhirt or ſword, than leave no money in their ſcrip to go to Jeruſalem with—Now

thoſe *quatre ans conſecutifs*, my dear Anthony, are the moſt precious morſels of thy *life to come* (in this world), and thou wilt do well to enjoy that morſel without cares, calculations, and curſes, and damns, and debts—for as ſure as ſtone is ſtone, and mortar is mortar, &c. 'twill be one of the many works of thy repentance—But after all, if the Fates have decreed it, as you and I have ſome time ſuppoſed it on account of your generoſity, "*that you are never to be a monied man*," the decree will be fulfilled whether you adorn your caſtle and line it with cedar, and paint it within ſide and without ſide with vermilion, or not —*et cela etant* (having a bottle of Frontiniac and glaſs at my right hand) I drink, dear Anthony, to thy health and happineſs, and to the final accompliſhments of all thy lunary and ſublunary projects.—For ſix weeks together, after I wrote my laſt letter to you, my projects were many ſtories higher, for I was all that time, as I thought, journeying on to the other world—I fell

ill of an epidemic vile fever which killed hundreds about me—The phyſicians here are the erranteſt charlatans in Europe, or the moſt ignorant of all pretending fools—I withdrew what was left of me out of their hands, and recommended my affairs entirely to Dame Nature—She (dear goddeſs) has ſaved me in fifty different pinching bouts, and I begin to have a kind of enthuſiaſm now in her favour, and in my own, that one or two more eſcapes will make me believe I ſhall leave you all at laſt by tranſlation, and not by fair death. I am now ſtout and fooliſh again as a happy man can wiſh to be—and am buſy playing the fool with my uncle Toby, whom I have got ſouſed over head and ears in love.—I have many hints and projects for other works; all will go on I truſt as I wiſh in this matter.—When I have reaped the benefit of this winter at Toulouſe—I cannot ſee I have any thing more to do with it; therefore after having gone with my wife and girl to Bagnieres, I ſhall return from whence I came

——Now my wife wants to ſtay another year to ſave money, and this oppoſition of wiſhes, though it will not be as ſour as lemon, yet 'twill not be as ſweet as ſugar-candy.—I wiſh T— would lead Sir Charles to Toulouſe; 'tis as good as any town in the South of France—for my own part, 'tis not to my taſte—but I believe, the ground-work of my *ennui* is more to the eternal platitude of the French characters—little variety, no originality in it at all—than to any other cauſe—for they are very civil—but civility itſelf, in that uniform, wearies and bodders one to death—If I do not mind, I ſhall grow moſt ſtupid and ſententious—Miſs Shandy is hard at it with muſic, dancing, and French ſpeaking, in the laſt of which ſhe does *à merveille*, and ſpeaks it with an excellent accent, conſidering ſhe practiſes within ſight of the Pyrenean Mountains.—If the ſnows will ſuffer me, I propoſe to ſpend two or three months at Barege, or Bagnieres, but my dear wife is againſt all ſchemes of additional ex-

pences—which wicked propenſity (tho' not of deſpotic power) yet I cannot ſuffer —tho' by the bye laudable enough— But ſhe may talk—I will do my own way, and ſhe will acquieſce without a word of debate on the ſubject.—Who can ſay ſo much in praiſe of his wife? Few I trow.—M—— is out of town vintaging—ſo write to me, *Monſieur Sterne gentilhomme Anglois*—'twill find me—We are as much out of the road of all intelligence here as at the Cape of Good Hope—ſo write a long nonſenſical letter like this, now and then, to me—in which ſay nothing but what may be ſhewn, (tho' I love every paragraph and ſpirited ſtroke of your pen, others might not) for you muſt know, a letter no ſooner arrives from England, but curioſity is upon her knees to know the contents. ——Adieu, dear H. believe me

Your affectionate

L. STERNE.

We have had bitter cold weather here theſe fourteen days—which has obliged

us to fit with whole pagells of wood lighted up to our noſes—'tis a dear article—but every thing elſe being extreme cheap, Madame keeps an excellent good houſe, with *ſoupe, bouilli, roti* —&c. &c. for two hundred and fifty pounds a year.

LETTER XXXIV.

TO MR. FOLEY, AT PARIS.

Toulouſe, November 9, 1762.

MY DEAR FOLEY,

I HAVE had this week your letter on my table, and hope you will forgive my not anſwering it ſooner—and even to-day I can but write you ten lines, being engaged at Mrs. M—'s. I would not omit one poſt more acknowledging the favour—In a few poſts I will write you a long one gratis, that is for love —Thank you for having done what I deſired you—and for the future direct to me under cover at Monſieur Brouſſe's —I receive all letters through him,

more punctual and ſooner than when left at the poſt-houſe———

H———'s family greet you with mine —we are much together, and never forget you—forget me not to the Baron—and all the circle—nor to your domeſtic circle—

I am got pretty well, and ſport much with my uncle Toby in the volume I am now fabricating for the laughing part of the world—for the melancholy part of it, I have nothing but my prayers—ſo God help them.—I ſhall hear from you in a poſt or two at leaſt after you receive this—in the mean time, dear Foley, adieu, and believe no man wiſhes or eſteems you more than your

L. STERNE.

LETTER XXXV.

TO THE SAME.

Toulouſe, Wedneſday, Dec. 3, 1762.

DEAR FOLEY,

I HAVE for this laſt fortnight every poſt-day gone to Meſſrs B—— and ſons, in expectation of the pleaſure of a letter from you with the remittance I deſired you to ſend me here.—When a man has no more than half a dozen guineas in his pocket—and a thouſand miles from home—and in a country, where he can as ſoon raiſe the d—l, as a ſix livre piece to go to market with, in caſe he has changed his laſt guinea—you will not envy my ſituation—God bleſs you—remit me the balance due upon the receipt of this.—We are all at H—'s, practiſing a play we are to act here this Chriſtmas holidays—all the Dramatis Perſonæ are of the Engliſh, of which we have a happy ſociety living together like brothers and ſiſters—Your

banker here has juſt ſent me word the tea Mr. H. wrote for is to be delivered into my hands—'tis all one into whoſe hands the treaſure falls—we ſhall pay Brouſſe for it the day we get it—We join in our moſt friendly reſpects, and believe me, dear Foley, truly yours,

L. STERNE.

LETTER XXXVI.

TO THE SAME.

MY DEAR FOLEY, Toulouſe, Dec. 17, 1762.

THE poſt after I wrote laſt, I received yours with the incloſed draught upon the receiver, for which I return you all thanks—I have received this day likewiſe the box and tea all ſafe and ſound—ſo we ſhall all of us be in our cups this Chriſtmas, and drink without fear or ſtint.—We begin to live extremely happy, and are all together every night—fiddling, laughing and

ſinging, and cracking jokes. You will ſcarce believe the news I tell you—There are a company of Engliſh ſtrollers arrived here, who are to act comedies all the Chriſtmas, and are now buſy in making dreſſes and preparing ſome of our beſt comedies—Your wonder will ceaſe, when I inform you theſe ſtrollers are your friends with the reſt of our ſociety, to whom I propoſed this ſcheme *ſoulagement*—and I aſſure you we do well.—The next week, with a grand orcheſtra, we play the Buſy Body—and the Journey to London the week after; but I have ſome thoughts of adapting it to our ſituation—and making it the Journey to Toulouſe, which, with the change of half a dozen ſcenes, may be eaſily done.—Thus, my dear F. for want of ſomething better we have recourſe to ourſelves, and ſtrike out the beſt amuſements we can from ſuch materials.—My kind love and friendſhip to all my true friends—My ſervice to the reſt. H——'s family have juſt left me, having been this laſt week with us—

they will be with me all the holidays.—In ſummer we ſhall viſit them, and ſo balance hoſpitalities.

Adieu,

Yours moſt truly,

L. STERNE.

LETTER XXXVII.

TO THE SAME.

DEAR FOLEY, Toulouſe, March 29, 1763.

THOUGH that's a miſtake! I mean the date of the place, for I write at Mr. H—'s in the country, and have been there with my people all the week—"How does Triſtram do?" you ſay in yours to him—faith but ſo ſo—the worſt of human maladies is poverty—though that is a ſecond lie—for poverty of ſpirit is worſe than poverty of purſe by ten thouſand per cent.—I incloſe you a remedy for the one, a draught of a hundred and thirty pounds, for which I in-

ſiſt upon a reſcription by the very return —or I will ſend you and all your commiſſaries to the d——l.—I do not hear they have taſted of one fleſhy banquet all this Lent—you will make an excellent *grillé*, P— they can make nothing of him, but *bouillon*—I mean my other two friends no ill—ſo ſhall ſend them a reprieve, as they acted out of neceſſity—not choice—My kind reſpects to Baron D'Holbach, and all his houſehold—Say all that's kind for me to my other friends —you know how much, dear Foley, I am yours,

L. STERNE.

I have not five Louis to vapour with in this land of coxcombs—My wife's compliments.

LETTER XXXVIII.

TO THE SAME.

DEAR FOLEY, Toulouſe, April 18, 1763.

I THANK you for your punctuality in ſending me the reſcription, and for your box by the courier, which came ſafe by laſt poſt.—I was not ſurpriſed much with your account of Lord ***** being obliged to give way—and for the reſt, all follows in courſe.—I ſuppoſe you will endeavour to fiſh and catch ſomething for yourſelf in theſe troubled waters—at leaſt I wiſh you all a reaſonable man can wiſh for himſelf—which is wiſhing enough for you—all the reſt is in the brain—Mr. Woodhouſe (whom you know) is alſo here—he is a moſt amiable worthy man, and I have the pleaſure of having him much with me—in a ſhort time he proceeds to Italy.—The firſt week in June, I decamp like a patriarch with my whole houſehold, to pitch our

tents for three months at the foot of the Pyrenean Hills at Bagnieres, where I expect much health and much amuſement from the concourſe of adventurers from all corners of the earth.—Mrs. M—— ſets out, at the ſame time, for another part of the Pyrenean Hills, at Coutray—from whence to Italy—This is the general plan of operation here—except that I have ſome thoughts of ſpending the winter at Florence, and croſſing over with my family to Leghorn by water—and in April of returning by way of Paris home—but this is a ſketch only, for in all things I am governed by circumſtances—ſo that what is fit to be done on Monday, may be very unwiſe on Saturday—On all days of the week, believe me yours,

With unfeigned truth,

L. STERNE.

P. S. All compliments to my Pariſian friends.

LETTER XXXIX.

TO THE SAME.

Toulouſe, April 29, 1763.

MY DEAR FOLEY,

LAST poſt my agent wrote me word he would ſend up from York a bill for fourſcore guineas, with orders to be paid into Mr. Selwin's hands for me. This he ſaid he would expedite immediately, ſo 'tis poſſible you may have had advice of it—and 'tis poſſible alſo the money may not be paid this fortnight; therefore, as I ſet out for Bagnieres in that time, be ſo good as to give me credit for the money for a few poſts or ſo, and ſend me either a reſcription for the money, or a draught for it—at the receipt of which, we ſhall decamp for ten or twelve weeks—You will receive twenty pounds more on my account, which ſend alſo—So much for that—as for pleaſure—you have it all amongſt you at Paris—

we have nothing here which deſerves the name—I ſhall ſcarce be tempted to ſojourn another winter at Toulouſe—for I cannot ſay it ſuits my health as I hoped —'tis too moiſt—and I cannot keep clear of agues here—ſo that if I ſtay the next winter on this ſide of the water—'twill be either at Nice or Florence—and I ſhall return to England in April —Wherever I am, believe me, dear Foley, that I am

Yours faithfully,

L. STERNE.

Madame and Mademoiſelle preſent their beſt compliments—Remember me to all I regard, particularly Meſſrs. Panchaud, and the reſt of your *houſehold.*

LETTER XL.

TO THE SAME.

Toulouſe, May 21, 1763.

I TOOK the liberty, three weeks ago, to deſire you would be ſo kind as to ſend me fourſcore pounds, having received a letter the ſame poſt from my agent, that he would order the money to be paid to your correſpondent in London in a fortnight.—It is ſome diſappointment to me that you have taken no notice of my letter, eſpecially as I told you we waited for the money before we ſet out for Bagnieres—and ſo little diſtruſt had I that ſuch a civility would be refuſed me, that we have actually had all our things packed up theſe eight days, in hourly expectation of receiving a letter.—Perhaps my good friend has waited till he heard the money was paid in London—but you might have truſted to my honour—that all the caſh in your iron

box (and all the bankers in Europe put together) could not have tempted me to ſay the thing *that is not*.—I hope before this you will have received an account of the money being paid in London—But it would have been taken kindly, if you had wrote me word you would tranſmit me the money when you had received it, but no ſooner; for Mr. R— of Montpellier, though I know him not, yet knows enough of me to have given me credit for a fortnight for ten times the ſum.

I am, dear F—, your friend
and hearty well-wiſher,

L. STERNE.

I ſaw the family of the H——— yeſterday, and aſked them if you was in the land of the living—They ſaid yea—for they had juſt received a letter from you.—After all, I heartily forgive you—for you have done me a ſignal ſervice in mortifying me, and it is this, I am determined to grow rich upon it.

Adieu, and God ſend you wealth and happineſs—All compliments to—Before April next I am obliged to reviſit your metropolis in my way to England.

LETTER XLI.

TO THE SAME.

Toulouſe, June 9, 1765.

MY DEAR FOLEY,

I THIS moment received yours—conſequently the moment I got it I ſat down to anſwer it—So much for a logical inference.

Now believe me I had never wrote you ſo teſty a letter, had I not both loved and eſteemed you—and it was merely in vindication of the rights of friendſhip that I wrote in a way as if I was hurt—for neglect me in your heart, I knew you could not, without cauſe; which my heart told me I never had—or will ever give you:—I was the beſt friends with you that ever I was in my life, before my letter had got a league,

and pleaded the true excuſe for my friend, "That he was oppreſſed with a multitude of buſineſs." Go on, my dear F., and have but that excuſe (ſo much do I regard your intereſt), that I would be content to ſuffer a *real evil* without future murmuring—but in truth, my diſappointment was partly chimerical at the bottom, having a letter of credit for two hundred pounds from a perſon I never ſaw, by me—but which, out of a nicety of temper, I would not make any uſe of—I ſet out in two days for Bagnieres, but direct to me to Brouſſe, who will forward all my letters. —Dear F—, adieu.—Believe me

Yours affectionately,

L. STERNE.

LETTER XLII.

TO THE SAME.

DEAR POLEY, Toulouſe, June 12, 1763.

LUCKILY juſt before I was ſtepping into my chaiſe for Bagnieres, has a ſtrayed fifty pound bill found its way to me; ſo I have ſent it to its lawful owner incloſed—My noodle of an agent, inſtead of getting Mr. Selwin to adviſe you he had received the money (which would have been enough), has got a bill for it, and ſent it rambling to the furtheſt part of France after me; and if it had not caught me juſt now, it might have followed me into Spain, for I ſhall croſs the Pyreneans, and ſpend a week in that kingdom, which is enough for a fertile brain to write a volume upon.—When I write the hiſtory of my travels —Memorandum! I am not to forget how honeſt a man I have for a banker at Paris.—But, my dear friend, when you

ſay you dare truſt me for what little occaſions I may have, you have as much faith as honeſty—and more of both than of good policy.—I thank you however ten thouſand times—and except ſuch liberty as I have lately taken with you—and that too at a pinch—I ſay beyond that I will not treſpaſs upon your good-nature, or friendlineſs, to ſerve me.—God bleſs you, dear F—,

I am yours whilſt

L. STERNE.

LETTER XLIII.

TO THE SAME.

DEAR FOLEY, Montpellier, Oct. 5, 1763.

I AM aſhamed I have not taken an opportunity of thanking you before now, for your friendly act of civility, in ordering Brouſſe, your correſpondent at Toulouſe, in caſe I ſhould have occaſion, to pay me fifteen hundred livres—which, as I knew the offer came from your

heart, I made no difficulty of accepting.—In my way through Toulouſe to Marſeilles, where we have been, but neither liking the place nor Aix (particularly the latter, it being a parliament town, of which Toulouſe has given me a ſurfeit), we have returned here, where we ſhall reſide the winter—My wife and daughter purpoſe to ſtay a year at leaſt behind me—and when winter is over, to return to Toulouſe, or go to Montauban, where they will ſtay till they return, or I fetch them—For myſelf, I ſhall ſet out in February for England, where my heart has been fled theſe ſix months—but I ſhall ſtay a fortnight with my friends at Paris; though I verily believe, if it was not for the pleaſure of ſeeing and chattering with you, I ſhould paſs on directly to Bruſſels, and ſo on to Rotterdam, for the ſake of ſeeing Holland, and embark from thence to London—But I muſt ſtay a little with thoſe I love and have ſo many reaſons to regard—you cannot place too much of this to your own ſcore.—I have had an offer of going

to Italy a fortnight ago—but I muſt like my ſubject as well as the terms, neither of which were to my mind.—Pray what Engliſh have you at Paris? where is my young friend Mr. F—? We hear of three or four Engliſh families coming to us here—If I can be ſerviceable to any you would ſerve, you have but to write. —Mr. H—— has ſent my friend W—'s picture—You have ſeen the original, or I would have ſent it you—I believe I ſhall beg leave to get a copy of my own from yours, when I come *in propria perſona*—till when, God bleſs you, my dear friend, and believe me

Moſt faithfully yours,

L. STERNE.

LETTER XLIV.

TO THE SAME.

Montpellier, Jan. 5, 1764.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

You ſee I cannot paſs over the fifth of the month without thinking of you, and writing to you—The laſt is a periodical habit—the firſt is from my heart, and I do it oftner than I remember—however, from both motives together I maintain I have a right to the pleaſure of a ſingle line—be it only to tell me how your watch goes—You know how much happier it would make me to know that all things belonging to you went on well.—You are going to have them all to yourſelf (I hear), and that Mr. S—— is true to his firſt intention of leaving buſineſs—I hope this will enable you to accompliſh yours in a ſhorter time, that you may get to your long wiſhed-for retreat of tranquillity and ſilence—When

you have got to your fireſide, and into your arm-chair (and, by the bye, have another to ſpare for a friend), and are ſo much a ſovereign as to ſit in your furred cap, if you like it, though I ſhould not (for a man's ideas are at leaſt the cleaner for being dreſſed decently), why then it will be a miracle if I do not glide in like a ghoſt upon you—and in a very unghoſt-like faſhion help you off with a bottle of your beſt wine.

January 15.—It does not happen every day that a letter begun in the moſt perfect health, ſhould be concluded in the greateſt weakneſs—I wiſh the vulgar high and low do not ſay it was a judgment upon me, for taking all this liberty with *ghoſts*—Be it as it may—I took a ride, when the firſt part of this was wrote, towards Perenas—and returned home in a ſhivering fit, though I ought to have been in a fever, for I had tired my beaſt; and he was as unmoveable as Don Quixotte's wooden horſe, and my arm was half diſlocated in whipping him

—This, quoth I, is inhuman—No, ſays a peaſant on foot behind me, I'll drive him home—ſo he laid on his poſteriors, but 'twas needleſs—as his face was turned towards Montpellier, he began to trot.—But to return, this fever has confined me ten days in my bed—I have ſuffered in this ſcuffle with death terribly—but unleſs the ſpirit of prophecy deceive me—I ſhall not die but live—in the mean time, dear F. let us live as merrily, but *as innocently* as we can—It has ever been as good, if not better, than a biſhoprick to me—and *I deſire no other*—Adieu, my dear friend, and believe me yours,

L. S.

Pleaſe to give the incloſed to Mr. T—, and tell him I thank him cordially from my heart for his great *good-will.*

LETTER XLV.

TO THE SAME.

Montpellier, Jan. 20 [1764].

MY DEAR FRIEND,

HEARING by Lord Rochford (who in paſſing thro' here in his way to Madrid has given me a call), that my worthy friend Mr. Fox was now at Paris—I have incloſed a letter to him, which you will preſent in courſe, or direct to him.—I ſuppoſe you are full of Engliſh—but in ſhort we are here as if in another world, where unleſs ſome ſtray'd ſoul arrives, we know nothing of what is going on in yours—Lord G———r I ſuppoſe is gone from Paris, or I had wrote alſo to him. I know you are as buſy as a bee, and have few moments to yourſelf—nevertheleſs beſtow one of them upon an old friend, and write me a line—and if Mr. F. is too idle and has ought to ſay to me,

pray write a ſecond line for him—We had a letter from Miſs P—— this week, who it ſeems has decamp'd for ever from Paris—*All is for the beſt*—which is my general reflection upon many things in this world.—Well! I ſhall ſhortly come and ſhake you by the hand in St. Sauveur—if ſtill you are there.—My wife returns to Toulouſe, and purpoſes to ſpend the ſummer at Bagnieres—I on the contrary go and viſit my wife, the church in Yorkſhire.—We all live the longer—at leaſt the happier, for having things our own way.—This is my conjugal maxim—I own 'tis not the beſt of maxims—but I maintain 'tis not the worſt. Adieu, dear F——, and believe me

Yours with truth,

L. STERNE.

LETTER XLVI.

TO MRS. F.

Montpellier, Feb. 1, 1764.

I AM preparing, my dear Mrs. F. to leave France, for I am heartily tired of it—That inſipidity there is in French characters has diſguſted your friend Yorick.—I have been dangerouſly ill, and cannot think that the ſharp air of Montpellier has been of ſervice to me—and ſo my phyſicians told me when they had me under their hands for above a month—if you ſtay any longer here, Sir, it will be fatal to you—And why, good people, were you not kind enough to tell me this ſooner?—After having diſcharged them, I told Mrs. Sterne that I ſhould ſet out for England very ſoon; but as ſhe chuſes to remain in France for two or three years, I have no objection, except that I wiſh my girl in England.—The ſtates of Languedoc are met—'tis a fine raree-ſhew, with the

uſual accompaniments of fiddles, bears, and puppet-ſhews.—I believe I ſhall ſtep into my poſt-chaiſe with more alacrity to fly from theſe ſights, than a Frenchman would to fly to them—and except a tear at parting with my little ſlut, I ſhall be in high ſpirits; and every ſtep I take that brings me nearer England, will I think help to ſet this poor frame to rights. Now pray write to me, directed to Mr. F. at Paris, and tell me what I am to bring you over.—How do I long to greet all my friends! few do I value more than yourſelf.—My wife chuſes to go to Montauban, rather than ſtay here, in which I am truly paſſive. —If this ſhould not find you at Bath, I hope it will be forwarded to you, as I wiſh to fulfil your commiſſions—and ſo adieu—Accept every warm wiſh for your health, and believe me ever yours,

L. STERNE.

P. S. My phyſicians have almoſt poiſoned me with what they call *bouillons refraichiſſants*—'tis a cock flayed alive and

boiled with poppy ſeeds, then pounded in a mortar, afterwards paſs'd thro' a ſieve—There is to be one crawfiſh in it, and I was gravely told it muſt be a male one—a female would do me more hurt than good.

LETTER XLVII.

TO MISS STERNE.

MY DEAR LYDIA, Paris, May 15, 1764.

BY this time I ſuppoſe your mother and ſelf are fixed at Montauban, and I therefore direct to your banker, to be delivered to you.—I acquieſced in your ſtaying in France—likewiſe it was your mother's wiſh—but I muſt tell you both (that unleſs your health had not been a plea made uſe of) I ſhould have wiſhed you both to return with me.—I have ſent you the Spectators, and other books, particularly Metaſtaſio; but I beg my girl to read the former, and only make the latter her amuſement.—I hope you have not forgot my

laſt requeſt, to make no friendſhips with the French women—not that I think ill of them all, but ſometimes women of the beſt principles are the moſt *inſinuating*—nay I am ſo jealous of you, that I ſhould be miſerable were I to ſee you had the leaſt grain of coquettry in your compoſition.—You have enough to do—for I have alſo ſent you a guittar—and as you have no genius for drawing (tho' you never could be made to believe it), pray waſte not your time about it—Remember to write to me as to a friend—in ſhort, whatever comes into your little head, and then it will be natural.—If your mother's rheumatiſm continues, and ſhe chooſes to go to Bagnieres—tell her not to be ſtopped for want of money, for my purſe ſhall be as open as my heart. I have preached at the Ambaſſador's chapel—Hezekiah *—(an odd ſubject your mother will ſay) There was a concourſe of all nations, and religions too.—I ſhall leave Paris in a

* See Vol. vii. Page 35.

few days—I am lodged in the ſame hotel with Mr. T—— they are good and generous ſouls—Tell your mother that I hope ſhe will write to me, and that when ſhe does ſo, I may alſo receive a letter from my Lydia.

Kiſs your mother from me, and believe me

Your affectionate

L. STERNE.

LETTER XLVIII.

TO MR. FOLEY.

MY DEAR FOLEY, York, Auguſt 6, 1764.

THERE is a young lady with whom I have ſent a letter to you, who will arrive at Paris in her way to Italy —her name is Miſs Tuting; a lady known and loved by the whole kingdom —if you can be of any aid to her in your advice, &c. as to her journey, &c. your good nature and politeneſs, I am ſure, need no ſpur from me to do it. I

was ſorry we were like the two buckets of a well, whilſt in London, for we were never able to be both reſident together the month I continued in and about the environs.——If I get a cough this winter which holds me three days, you will certainly ſee me at Paris the week following, for now I abandon every thing in this world to health and to my friends—for the laſt ſermon that I ſhall ever preach, was preach'd at Paris—ſo I am altogether an idle man, or rather a free one, which is better. I ſent, laſt poſt, twenty pounds to Mrs. Sterne, which makes a hundred pounds remitted ſince I got here—You muſt pay yourſelf what I owe you out of it—and place the reſt to account.—Betwixt this and Lady-day next, Mrs. Sterne will draw from time to time upon you to about the amount of a hundred louis—but not more—(I think) I having left her a hundred in her pocket.—But you ſhall always have money beforehand of mine—and ſhe purpoſes to ſpend no further than five thouſand

livres in the year—but twenty pound, this way or that, makes no difference between us.——Give my kindeſt compliments to Mr. P——. I have a thouſand things to ſay to you, and would go half way to Paris to tell them you in your ear.— The Meſſrs. T———, H——, &c. and many more of your friends with whom I am now, ſend their ſervices—Mine to all friends—Yours, dear F. moſt truly,

L. STERNE.

LETTER XLIX.

TO J— H— S—. ESQ.

September 4, 1764.

Now, my dear, dear Anthony—I do not think a week or ten days playing the good fellow (at this very time) at Scarborough ſo abominable a thing—but if a man could get there cleverly, and every ſoul in his houſe in the mind to try what could be done in furtherance

thereof, I have no one to conſult in this affair—therefore as a man may do worſe things, the Engliſh of all which is this, that I am going to leave a few poor ſheep here in the wilderneſs for fourteen days—and from pride and naughtineſs of heart to go ſee what is doing at Scarborough—ſtedfaſtly meaning afterwards to lead a new life and ſtrengthen my faith.—Now ſome folk ſay there is much company there—and ſome ſay not—and I believe there is neither the one or the other—but will be both, if the world will have but a month's patience or ſo.—No, my dear H——, I did not delay ſending your letter directly to the poſt.—As there are critical times, or rather turns and revolutions in *** humours, I knew not what the delay of an hour might hazard—I will anſwer for him, he has ſeventy times ſeven forgiven you—and as often wiſh'd you at the d—l.—After many oſcillations the pendulum will reſt firm as ever.———

I ſend all kind compliments to Sir C. D—— and G—s. I love them from my ſoul.—If G——t is with you, him alſo.—I go on, not rapidly, but well enough with my uncle Toby's amours —There is no ſitting, and cudgelling one's brains whilſt the ſun ſhines bright —'twill be all over in ſix or ſeven weeks, and there are diſmal months enow after to endure ſuffocation by a brimſtone fire-ſide.—If you can get to Scarborough, do.—A man who makes ſix tons of alum a week, may do any thing—Lord Granby is to be there—— what a temptation!

Yours affectionately,

L. STERNE.

LETTER L.

TO THE SAME.

Coxwould—Thurſday. [Sept. 1764.]

MY DEAR COUSIN,

I AM but this moment returned from Scarborough, where I have been drinking the waters ever ſince the races, and have received marvellous ſtrength, had I not debilitated it as faſt as I got it, by playing the good fellow with Lord Granby and Co. too much. I rejoice you have been encamp'd at Harrowgate, from which, by now, I ſuppoſe you are decamp'd—otherwiſe as idle a beaſt as I have been, I would have ſacrificed a few days to the god of laughter with you and your jolly ſet.—I have done nothing good that I know of, ſince I left you, except paying off your guinea and a half to K——, in my way thro' York hither—I muſt

try now and do better—Go on, and proſper for a month.

Your affectionate

L. STERNE.

LETTER LI.

TO MR. FOLEY, AT PARIS.

York, September 29, 1764.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

I HAVING juſt had the honour of a letter from Miſs Tuting, full of the acknowledgments of your attention and kind ſervices to her; I will not believe theſe aroſe from the D. of A———'s letters, nor mine. Surely *ſhe needed no recommendation*——the trueſt and moſt honeſt compliment I can pay you, is to ſay they came from your own good heart, only you was introduced to the object—for the reſt follow'd in courſe—However let me caſt in my mite of thanks to the treaſury which belongs to good-natured actions. I have been with Lord G—y

theſe three weeks at Scarborough—the pleaſures of which I found ſomewhat more exalted than thoſe of Bagnieres laſt year.—I am now returned to my Philoſophical Hut to finiſh Triſtram, which I calculate will be ready for the world about Chriſtmas, at which time I decamp from hence, and fix my head-quarters at London for the winter—unleſs my cough puſhes me forwards to your Metropolis—or that I can perſuade ſome *gros* my Lord to take a trip to you—I'll try if I can make him reliſh the joys of the *Tuilleries*, *Opera Comique*, *&c.*

I had this week a letter from Mrs. Sterne from Montauban, in which ſhe tells me ſhe has occaſion for fifty pounds immediately—Will you ſend an order to your correſpondent at Montauban to pay her ſo much caſh—and I will in three weeks ſend as much to Becket—But as her purſe is low, for God's ſake write directly.—Now you muſt do ſomething equally eſſential—to rectify a miſtake in the mind of your correſpondent there, who it ſeems gave her a hint not long

ago, "*that ſhe was ſeparated from me for life.*"—Now as this is not true in the firſt place, and may give a diſadvantageous impreſſion of her to thoſe ſhe lives amongſt——'twould be unmerciful to let her, or my daughter, ſuffer by it; ſo do be ſo good as to undeceive him—for in a year or two ſhe propoſes (and indeed I expect it with impatience from her) to rejoin me—and tell them I have all the confidence in the world ſhe will not ſpend more than I can afford, and I only mentioned two hundred guineas a year—becauſe 'twas right to name ſome certain ſum, for which I begged you to give her credit.—I write to you of all my moſt intimate concerns, as to a brother; ſo excuſe me, dear Foley. God bleſs you—Believe me

Yours affectionately,

L. STERNE.

Compliments to Mr. Panchaud, D'Holbach, &c.

LETTER LII.

TO THE SAME.

York, November 11, 1764.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

I SENT ten days ago, a bank bill of thirty pounds to Mr. Becket, and this poſt one of ſixty—When I get to London, which will be in five weeks, you will receive what ſhall always keep you in bank for Mrs. Sterne; in the mean time I have deſired Becket to ſend you fourſcore pounds, and if my wife, before I get to London, ſhould have occaſion for fifty louis, let her not wait a minute, and if I have not paid it, a week or a fortnight I know will break no ſquares with a good and worthy friend.—I will contrive to ſend you theſe two new volumes of Triſtram, as ſoon as ever I get them from the preſs.—You will read as odd a tour through France

as ever was projected or executed by a traveller, or travel-writers, ſince the world began—'Tis a laughing good-tempered ſatire againſt travelling (as *puppies* travel)—Panchaud will enjoy it—I am quite civil to your Pariſians—*et pour cauſe* you know—'tis likely I may ſee them in ſpring—Is it poſſible for you to get me over a copy of my picture any how? If ſo, I would write to Mademoiſelle N—— to make as good a copy from it as ſhe poſſibly could—with a view to do her ſervice here—and I would remit her the price—I really believe it would be the parent of a dozen portraits to her, if ſhe executes it with the ſpirit of the original in your hands—for it will be ſeen by many—and as my phiz is as remarkable as myſelf, if ſhe preſerves the true character of both, it will do her honour and ſervice too.—Write me a line about this, and tell me you are well and happy—Will you preſent my kind reſpects to the worthy Baron—I ſhall ſend him one of the beſt impreſſions

of my picture from Mr. Reynolds's—another to Monſieur P———. My love to Mr. S———n and P——d.

I am moſt truly yours,

L. STERNE.

LETTER LIII.

TO J— H— S—, ESQ.

DEAR DEAR COUSIN, Nov. 13, 1764.

'TIS a church militant week with me, full of marches, and countermarches—and treaties about Stillington common, which we are going to incloſe—otherwiſe I would have obeyed your ſummons—and yet I could not well have done it this week neither, having received a letter from C—, who has been very ill; and is coming down to ſtay a week or ten days with me—Now I know he is ambitious of being better acquainted with you; and longs from his ſoul for a ſight of you in your own caſtle.—I cannot do otherwiſe than bring him with

me—nor can I gallop away and leave him an empty houſe to pay a viſit to from London, as he comes half expreſs to ſee me.—I thank you for the care of my northern vintage—I fear after all I muſt give it a fermentation on the other ſide of the Alps, which is better than being on the lees with it—but *nous verrons*—yet I fear as it has got ſuch hold of my brain, and comes upon it like an armed man at nights—I muſt give way for quietneſs ſake, or be hag-ridden with the conceit of it all my life long—I have been *Miſs-ridden* this laſt week by a couple of romping girls (*bien miſes et comme il faut)* who might as well have been in the houſe with me (though perhaps not, my retreat here is too quiet for them), but they have taken up all my time, and have given my judgment and fancy more airings than they wanted.—Theſe things accord not well with ſermon making—but 'tis my vile errantry, as Sancho ſays, and that is all that can be made of it.—I truſt all goes ſwimmingly on with your alum; that the works amuſe you, and

call you twice out (at leaſt) a day.—I ſhall ſee them I truſt in ten days, or thereabouts—If it was any way poſſible, I would ſet out this moment, though I have no cavalry—*(except a ſhe Aſs)*. Give all friendly reſpects to Mrs. C. and to Col. H—'s and the garriſon, both of Guiſbro and Skelton.—I am, dear Anthony,

Affectionately yours,

L. STERNE.

LETTER LIV.

TO MR. FOLEY, AT P.

York, November 16, 1764.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

THREE poſts before I had the favour of yours (which is come to hand this moment) I had wrote to ſet Mrs. Sterne right in her miſtake--That you had any money of mine in your hands—being very ſenſible that the hundred pounds I had ſent you, through Becket's hands,

was but about what would balance with you—The reaſon of her error was owing to my writing her word, I would ſend you a bill in a poſt or two for fifty pounds—which, my finances falling ſhort juſt then, I deferred—ſo that I had paid nothing to any one—but was, however, come to York this day, and I have ſent you a draught for a hundred pounds—in honeſt truth, a fortnight ago I had not the caſh—but I am as honeſt as the king (as Sancho Pança ſays), *only not ſo rich.*

Therefore if Mrs. Sterne ſhould want thirty louis more, let her have them—and I will balance all (which will not be much), with honour at Chriſtmas, when I ſhall be in London, having now juſt finiſhed my two volumes of Triſtram.—I have ſome thoughts of going to Italy this year—at leaſt I ſhall not defer it above another.——I have been with Lord Granby, and with Lord Shelburne, but am now ſat down till December in my ſweet retirement.—I wiſh you was ſat down as happily, and as free of all worldly cares——In a few years, my

dear F., I hope to ſee you a real country gentleman, though not altogether exiled from your friends in London—there I ſhall ſpend every winter of my life, in the ſame lap of contentment, where I enjoy myſelf now—and wherever I go—we muſt bring three parts in four of the treat along with us—In ſhort, we muſt be happy within—and then few things without us make much difference—This is my Shandean philoſophy.—You will read a comic account of my journey from Calais, through Paris, to the Garonne, in theſe volumes—my friends tell me they are done with ſpirit——it muſt ſpeak for itſelf—Give my kind reſpects to Mr. Selwin and my friend Panchaud ——When you ſee Baron D'Holbach, preſent him my reſpects, and believe me, dear F.,

Yours cordially,

L. STERNE.

LETTER LV.

TO DAVID GARRICK, ESQ.

London, March 16, 1765.

DEAR GARRICK,

I THREATENED you with a letter in one I wrote a few weeks ago to Foley, but (to my ſhame be it ſpoken) I lead ſuch a life of diſſipation I have never had a moment to myſelf which has not been broke in upon, by one engagement or impertinence or another—and as plots thicken towards the latter end of a piece, I find, unleſs I take pen and ink juſt now, I ſhall not be able to do it, till either I am got into the country, or you to the city. You are teized and tormented too much by your correſpondents, to return to us, and with accounts how much your friends, and how much your Theatre wants you—ſo that I will not magnify either our loſs or yours—but hope cordially to ſee you ſoon.—

Since I wrote laſt I have frequently ſtept into your houſe—that is, as frequently as I could take the whole party, where I dined, along with me—This was but juſtice to you, as I walked in as a wit—but with regard to myſelf, I balanced the account thus—I am ſometimes in my friend ——'s houſe, but he is always in Triſtram Shandy's—where my friends ſay he will continue (and I hope the prophecy true for my own immortality), even when he himſelf is no more.

I have had a lucrative winter's campaign here—Shandy ſells well—I am taxing the public with two more volumes of Sermons, which will more than double the gains of Shandy—It goes into the world with a prancing liſt *de toute la nobleſſe*—which will bring me in three hundred pounds, excluſive of the ſale of the copy—ſo that with all the contempt of money which *ma façon de penſer* has ever impreſſed on me, I ſhall be rich in ſpite of myſelf: but I ſcorn, you muſt know, in the high *ton* I take at preſent,

to pocket all this traſh—I ſet out to lay a portion of it out in the ſervice of the world, in a tour round Italy, where I ſhall ſpring game, or the deuce is in the dice.—In the beginning of September I quit England, that I may avail myſelf of the time of vintage, when all nature is joyous, and ſo ſaunter philoſophically for a year or ſo, on the other ſide the Alps.—I hope your pilgrimages have brought Mrs. Garrick and yourſelf back *à la fleur de jeuneſſe*—May you both long feel the ſweets of it, and your friends with you.—Do, dear friend, make my kindeſt wiſhes and compliments acceptable to the beſt and wiſeſt of the daughters of Eve—You ſhall ever believe, and ever find me affectionately yours,

L. STERNE.

LETTER LVI.

TO THE SAME.

Bath, April 6, 1765.

I SCALP you!—my dear Garrick! my dear friend!—foul befal the man who hurts a hair of your head!—and ſo full was I of that very ſentiment, that my letter had not been put into the poſt-office ten minutes, before my heart ſmote me; and I ſent to recal it—but failed—You are ſadly to blame, Shandy! for this, quoth I, leaning with my head on my hand, as I recriminated upon my falſe delicacy in the affair—Garrick's nerves (if he has any left) are as fine and delicately ſpun as thy own—his ſentiments as honeſt and friendly—thou knoweſt, Shandy, that he loves thee—why wilt thou hazard him a moment's pain? Puppy! fool, coxcomb, jack-aſs, &c. &c.—and ſo I balanced the account to your favour, before I received it

drawn up in *your way*—I ſay *your way*—for it is not ſtated ſo much to your honour and credit, as I had paſſed the account before—for it was a moſt lamented truth, that I never received one of the letters your friendſhip meant me, except whilſt in Paris.—O! how I congratulate you for the anxiety the world has, and continues to be under, for your return.—Return, return to the few who love you, and the thouſands who admire you.—The moment you ſet your foot upon your ſtage—mark! I tell it you—by ſome magic, irreſiſted power, every fibre about your heart will vibrate afreſh, and as ſtrong and feelingly as ever—Nature, with glory at her back, will light up the torch within you—and there is enough of it left, to heat and enlighten the world theſe many, many, many years.

Heaven be praiſed! (I utter it from my ſoul) that your lady, and my Minerva, is in a condition to walk to Windſor—full rapturouſly will I lead the graceful pilgrim to the temple, where

I will ſacrifice with the pureſt incenſe to her—but you may worſhip with me, or not—'twill make no difference either in the truth or warmth of my devotion—ſtill (after all I have ſeen) I ſtill maintain her peerleſs.

Powel! good Heaven!—give me ſome one with leſs ſmoke and more fire—There are who, like the Phariſees, ſtill think they ſhall be heard for *much* ſpeaking—Come—come away, my dear Garrick; and teach us another leſſon.

Adieu!—I love you dearly—and your lady better—not hobbihorſically—but moſt ſentimentally and affectionately—for I am yours (that is, if you never ſay another word about ——) with all the ſentiments of love and friendſhip you deſerve from me,

L. STERNE.

LETTER LVII.

TO MR. FOLEY.

MY DEAR FOLEY, Bath, April 15, 1765.

My wife tells me ſhe has drawn for one hundred pounds, and 'tis fit that you ſhould be paid it that minute—the money is now in Becket's hands—ſend me, my dear Foley, my account, that I may diſcharge the balance to this time, and know what to leave in your hands—I have made a good campaign of it this year in the field of the literati—my two volumes of Triſtram, and two of ſermons, which I ſhall print very ſoon, will bring me a conſiderable ſum.—Almoſt all the nobility in England honour me with their names, and 'tis thought it will be the largeſt and moſt ſplendid liſt which ever pranced before a book, ſince ſubſcriptions came into faſhion.—Pray preſent my moſt ſincere compliments to Lady H——, whoſe

name I hope to inſert with many others. —As ſo many men of genius favour me with their names alſo, I will quarrel with Mr. Hume, and call him Deiſt, and what not, unleſs I have his name too.—My love to Lord W—— Your name, Foley, I have put in as a free-will offering of my labours—your liſt of ſubſcribers you will ſend—'tis but a crown for ſixteen ſermons—Dog cheap! But I am in queſt of honour, not money.—Adieu, adieu,—believe me, dear Foley,

Yours truly,

L. STERNE.

LETTER LVIII.

TO MR. W.

Coxwould, May 23, 1765.

At this moment I am ſitting in my ſummer-houſe with my head and heart full, not of my uncle Toby's amours with the widow Wadman, but

my ſermons—and your letter has drawn me out of a penſive mood—the ſpirit of it *pleaſeth me*—but in this ſolitude, what can I tell or write to you but about myſelf—I am glad that you are in love—'twill cure you at leaſt of the ſpleen, which has a bad effect on both man and woman—I myſelf muſt ever have ſome Dulcinea in my head—it harmoniſes the ſoul—and in thoſe caſes I firſt endeavour to make the lady believe ſo, or rather I begin firſt to make myſelf believe that I am in love—but I carry on my affairs quite in the French way, ſentimentally—"*l'amour*" (ſay they) "*n'eſt rien ſans ſentiment*"—Now notwithſtanding they make ſuch a pother about the *word*, they have no preciſe idea annex'd to it—And ſo much for that ſame ſubject called love.—I muſt tell you how I have juſt treated a French gentleman of fortune in France, who took a liking to my daughter—Without any ceremony (having got my direction from my wife's banker) he wrote me word that he was in love with

my daughter, and deſired to know what *fortune* I would give her at preſent, and *how* much at my *death*—by the bye, I think there was very little *ſentiment* on *his ſide*—My anſwer was, "Sir, I ſhall give her ten thouſand pounds the day of marriage—my calculation is as follows—ſhe is not eighteen, you are ſixty-two—there goes five thouſand pounds—then, Sir, you at leaſt think her not ugly—ſhe has many accompliſhments, ſpeaks Italian, French, plays upon the guittar, and as I fear you play upon no inſtrument whatever, I think you will be happy to take her at my terms, for here finiſhes the account of the ten thouſand pounds"—I do not ſuppoſe but he will take this as I mean, that is—a flat refuſal.—I have had a parſonage houſe burnt down by the careleſſneſs of my curate's wife—as ſoon as I can I muſt rebuild it, I trow—but I lack the means at preſent—yet I am never happier than when I have not a ſhilling in my pocket—for when I have I can never call it my own. Adieu, my

dear friend—may you enjoy better health than me, tho' not better ſpirits, for that is impoſſible.

Yours ſincerely,

L. STERNE.

My compliments to the Col.

LETTER LIX.

TO MR. FOLEY, AT PARIS.

MY DEAR SIR, York, July 13, 1765.

I WROTE ſome time in ſpring, to beg you would favour me with my account. I believe you was ſet out from Paris, and that Mr. Garrick brought the letter with him—which poſſibly he gave you. In the hurry of your buſineſs you might forget the contents of it; and in the hurry of mine in town (though I called once) I could not get to ſee you. I decamp for Italy in September, and ſhall ſee your face at Paris, you may be ſure—but I ſhall ſee it with more pleaſure when I am out of debt

—which is your own fault, for Becket has had money left in his hands for that purpoſe.—Do ſend Mrs. Sterne her two laſt volumes of Triſtram; they arrived with your's in ſpring, and ſhe complains ſhe has not got them—My beſt ſervices to Mr. Panchaud.—I am buſy compoſing two volumes of ſermons—they will be printed in September, though I fear not time enough to bring them with me. Your name is amongſt the liſt of a few of my honorary ſubſcribers—who ſubſcribe for love.—If you ſee Baron D'Holbach, and Diderot, preſent my reſpects to them—If the Baron wants any Engliſh books, he will let me know, and I will bring them with me —Adieu.

I am truly your's,

L. STERNE.

LETTER LX.

TO THE SAME.

DEAR SIR, London, October 7, 1765.

IT is a terrible thing to be in Paris without a perriwig on a man's head! In ſeven days from the date of this, I ſhould be in that caſe, unleſs you tell your neighbour Madame Requiere to get her *bon mari de me faire une peruque à bourſe, au mieux—c'eſt à dire—une la plus extraordinaire la plus jolie—la plus gentille —et la plus—*

—Mais qu' importe? j'ai l'honneur d'être grand critique—et bien difficile encore dans les affaires de perúques—and in one word that he gets it done in five days after notice—

I beg pardon for this liberty, my dear friend, and for the trouble of forwarding this by the very next poſt.—If my friend Mr. F. is in Paris, my kind love to him, and reſpects to all others—in ſad haſte—

Yours truly,

L. STERNE.

I have paid into Mr. Becket's hands ſix hundred pounds, which you may draw upon at ſight, according as either Mrs. Sterne or myſelf make it expedient.

LETTER LXI.

TO MR. PANCHAUD, AT PARIS.

Beau Pont Voiſin, November 7, 1765.

DEAR SIR,

I FORGOT to deſire you to forward whatever letters came to your hand to your banker at Rome, to wait for me againſt I get there, as it is uncertain how long I may ſtay at Turin, &c. &c. at preſent I am held priſoner in this town by the ſudden ſwelling of two pitiful rivulets from the ſnows melting on the Alps—ſo that we cannot either advance to them, or retire back again to Lyons—for how long the gentlemen who are my fellow-travellers, and myſelf, ſhall languiſh in this ſtate of vexatious captivity, heaven and earth ſure-

ly know, for it rains as if they were coming together to ſettle the matter.—I had an agreeable journey to Lyons, and a joyous time there; dining and ſupping every day at the commandant's—Lord F. W. I left there, and about a dozen Engliſh—If you ſee Lord Oſſory, Lord William Gordon, and my friend Mr. Crawfurd, remember me to them—if Wilkes is at Paris yet, I ſend him all kind wiſhes—preſent my compliments as well as thanks to my good friend Miſs P——, and believe me, dear Sir, with all truth, yours,

L. STERNE.

LETTER LXII.

TO THE SAME.

DEAR SIR, Turin, November 15, 1765.

AFTER many difficulties I have got here ſafe and ſound—tho' eight days in paſſing the mountains of Savoy.—I am ſtopped here for ten days

by the whole country betwixt here and Milan, being laid under water by continual rains—but I am very happy, and have found my way into a dozen houſes already—To-morrow I am to be preſented to the King, and when that ceremony is over, I ſhall have my hands full of engagements—No Engliſh here but Sir James Macdonald, who meets with much reſpect, and Mr. Ogilby. We are all together, and ſhall depart in peace together——My kind ſervices to all—pray forward the incloſed—

Yours moſt truly,

L. STERNE.

LETTER LXIII.

TO THE SAME.

DEAR SIR, Turin, November 28, 1765.

I AM juſt leaving this place with Sir James Macdonald for Milan, &c.—We have ſpent a joyous fortnight here, and met with all kinds of honours—

and with regret do we both bid adieu—but health on my ſide—and good ſenſe on his—ſay 'tis better to be at Rome than you ſay at Paris—but you put variety out of the queſtion.—I intreat you to forward the incloſed to Mrs. Sterne—My compliments to all friends, more particularly to thoſe I moſt value (that includes Mr. F. if he is in Paris).

I am yours moſt truly,

L. STERNE.

LETTER LXIV.

TO THE SAME.

DEAR SIR, Florence, December 18, 1765.

I HAVE been a month paſſing the plains of Lombardy—ſtopping in my way at Milan, Parma, Placenza, and Bologna—with weather as delicious as a kindly April in England, and have been three days in croſſing a part of the Apennines covered with thick ſnow—Sad tranſition!—I ſtay here three days

to dine with our Plenipo Lords T——d and C——r, and in five days ſhall tread the Vatican, and be introduced to all the Saints in the Pantheon.—I ſtay but fourteen days to pay theſe civilities, and then decamp for Naples.—Pray ſend the incloſed to my wife, and Becket's letter to London.

Yours truly,

L. STERNE.

LETTER LXV.

TO MISS STERNE.

Naples, February 3, 1766.

MY DEAR GIRL,

YOUR letter, my Lydia, has made me both laugh and cry.—Sorry am I that you are both ſo afflicted with the ague, and by all means I wiſh you both to fly from Tours, becauſe I remember it is ſituated between two rivers, la Loire, and le Cher—which muſt occaſion fogs, and damp unwholeſome wea-

ther—therefore for the ſame reaſon go not to Bourges en Breſſe—'tis as vile a place for agues.—I find myſelf infinitely better than I was—and hope to have added at leaſt ten years to my life by this journey to Italy—the climate is heavenly, and I find new principles of health in me, which I have been long a ſtranger to—but truſt me, my Lydia, I will find you out, wherever you are, in May. Therefore I beg you to direct to me at Belloni's at Rome, that I may have ſome idea where you will be then.—The account you give me of Mrs. C—— is truly amiable, I ſhall ever honour her—Mr. C. is a diverting companion—what he ſaid of your little French admirer was truly droll—the Marquis de ——— is an impoſtor, and not worthy of your acquaintance—he only pretended to know me, to get introduced to your mother—I deſire you will get your mother to write to Mr. C. that I may diſcharge every debt, and then, my Lydia, if I live, the produce of my pen ſhall be yours—If fate re-

res me not that—the humane and
ld, part for thy father's sake, part
thy own, will never abandon thee!—
your mother's health will permit
to return with me to England, your
mers I will render as agreeable as
an at Coxwould—your winters at
rk—you know my publications call
to London.—If Mr. and Mrs. C—
still at Tours, thank them from
for their cordiality to my wife and
ghter. I have purchased you some
le trifles, which I shall give you
en we meet, as proofs of affection
n

Your fond father,

L. STERNE.

LETTER LXVI.

TO J— H— S—, ESQ.

MY DEAR H. Naples, February 5, 1766.

'TIS an age ſince I have heard from you—but as I read the London Chronicle, and find no tidings of your death, or that you are even at the point of it, I take it, as I wiſh it, that you have got over thus much of the winter free from the damps, both of climate and ſpirits; and here I am, as happy as a king after all, growing fat, ſleek, and well liking—not improving in ſtature, but in breadth.—We have a jolly carnival of it—nothing but operas—punchinelloes—feſtinos and maſquerades—We (that is, *nous autres*) are all dreſſing out for one this night at the Princeſs Francavivalla, which is to be ſuperb.—The Engliſh dine with her (excluſive) and ſo much for ſmall chat—except that I ſaw a little comedy acted laſt week with more expreſſion and

ſpirit, and true character, than I ſhall ſee one haſtily again.—I ſtay here till the holy week, which I ſhall paſs at Rome, where I occupy myſelf a month —My plan was to have gone from thence for a fortnight to Florence—and then by Leghorn to Marſeilles directly home—but am diverted from this by the repeated propoſals of accompanying a gentleman, who is returning by Venice, Vienna, Saxony, Berlin, and ſo by the Spaw, and thence through Holland to England—'tis with Mr. E. I have known him theſe three years, and have been with him ever ſince I reach'd Rome; and as I know him to be a good-hearted young gentleman, I have no doubt of making it anſwer both his views and mine—at leaſt I am perſuaded we ſhall return home together, as we ſet out, with friendſhip and good-will.—Write your next letter to me at Rome, and do me the following favour if it lies in your way, which I think it does—to get me a letter of recommendation to our Ambaſſador (Lord Stormont at Vienna).

I have not the honour to be known to his Lordſhip, but Lords P—— or H——, or twenty you better know, would write a certificate for me, importing, that I am not fallen out of the clouds. If this will coſt my couſin little trouble, do incloſe it in your next letter to me at Belloni.—You have left Skelton I trow a month, and I fear have had a moſt ſharp winter, if one may judge of it from the ſeverity of the weather here, and all over Italy, which exceeded any thing known till within theſe three weeks, that the ſun has been as hot as we could bear it.—Give my kind ſervices to my friends—eſpecially to the houſehold of faith—my dear Garland—to Gilbert—to the worthy Colonel—to Cardinal S——, to my fellow labourer Pantagruel—dear couſin Anthony, receive my kindeſt love and wiſhes.

Yours affectionately,

L. STERNE.

P. S. Upon ſecond thoughts, direct your next to me at Mr. W. banker at Venice.

LETTER LXVII.

TO MR. FOLEY, AT PARIS.

DEAR SIR, Naples, February 8, 1766.

I DESIRE Mrs. Sterne may have what caſh ſhe wants—if ſhe has not received it before now: ſhe ſends me word ſhe has been in want of caſh theſe three weeks—be ſo kind as to prevent this uneaſineſs to her—which is doubly ſo to me.—I have made very little uſe of your letters of credit, having ſince I left Paris taken up no more money than about fifty louis at Turin, as much at Rome—and a few ducats here—and as I now travel from hence to Rome, Venice, through Vienna to Berlin, &c. with a gentleman of fortune, I ſhall draw for little more till my return—ſo you will have always enough to ſpare for my wife.—The beginning of March

be ſo kind as to let her have a hundred pounds to begin her year with—

There are a good many Engliſh here, very few in Rome, or other parts of Italy.—The air of Naples agrees very well with me—I ſhall return fat—my friendſhip to all who honour me with theirs—Adieu, my dear friend—I am ever yours,

L. STERNE.

LETTER LXVIII.

TO MR. PANCHAUD, AT PARIS.

DEAR SIR, Naples, February 14, 1766.

I WROTE laſt week to you, to deſire you would let Mrs. Sterne have what money ſhe wanted—it may happen, as that letter went incloſed in one to her at Tours, that you will receive this firſt—I have made little uſe of your letters of credit, as you will ſee by that letter, nor ſhall I want much (if any) till you ſee me, as I travel now in

company with a gentleman—however, as we return by Venice, Vienna, Berlin, &c. to the Spaw, I ſhould be glad if you will draw me a letter of credit upon ſome one at Venice, to the extent of fifty louis—but I am perſuaded I ſhall not want half of them—however, in caſe of ſickneſs or accidents, one would not go ſo long a rout without money in one's pocket.—The bankers here are not ſo conſcientious as my friend P. they would make me pay twelve per cent. if I was to get a letter here.—I beg your letters, &c. may be incloſed to Mr. Watſon at Venice—where we ſhall be in the Aſcenſion—I have received much benefit from the air of Naples—but quit it to be at Rome before the holy week.—There are about five-and-twenty Engliſh here—but moſt of them will be decamp'd in two months—there are ſcarce a third of the number at Rome—I ſuppoſe therefore that Paris is full—my warmeſt wiſhes attend you—with my love to Mr. F. and com-

pliments to all—I am, dear Sir, very faithfully,

Yours,

L. STERNE.

Sir James Macdonald is in the houſe with me, and is juſt recovering a long and moſt cruel fit of the rheumatiſm.

LETTER LXIX.

TO J— H— S—, ESQ.

May 25, near Dijon [1766].

DEAR ANTONY,

MY deſire of ſeeing both my wife and girl has turn'd me out of my road towards a delicious Chateau of the Counteſs of M———, where I have been patriarching it theſe ſeven days with her ladyſhip, and half a dozen of very handſome and agreeable ladies—her ladyſhip has the beſt of hearts—a valuable preſent not given to every one. To-morrow, with regret, I ſhall quit

this agreeable circle, and poſt it night and day to Paris, where I ſhall arrive in two days, and juſt wind myſelf up, when I am there, enough to roll on to Calais—ſo I hope to ſup with you the king's birth-day, according to a plan of ſixteen days ſtanding.—Never man has been ſuch a wildgooſe chace after a wife as I have been—after having ſought her in five or ſix different towns, I found her at laſt in *Franche Comté*—Poor woman! ſhe was very cordial, &c. and begs to ſtay another year or ſo—my Lydia pleaſes me much—I found her greatly improved in every thing I wiſhed her—I am moſt unaccountably well, and moſt accountably nonſenſical—'tis at leaſt a proof of good ſpirits, which is a ſign and token given me in theſe latter days, that I muſt take up again the pen—In faith, I think I ſhall die with it in my hand, but I ſhall live theſe ten years, my Antony, notwithſtanding the fears of my wife, whom I left moſt melancholy on that account. This is a delicious part of the world;

moſt celeſtial weather, and we lie all day, without damps, upon the graſs—and that is the whole of it, except the inner man (for her ladyſhip is not ſtingy of her wine) is inſpired twice a day with the beſt Burgundy that grows upon the mountains which terminate our lands here.—Surely you will not have decamped to Crazy Caſtle, before I reach town.—The ſummer here is ſet in in good earneſt—'tis more than we can ſay for Yorkſhire—I hope to hear a good tale of your alum-works—have you no other works in hand? I do not expect to hear from you, ſo God proſper you—and all your undertakings.—I am, my dear couſin,

Moſt affectionately yours,

L. STERNE.

Remember me to Mr. G——, Cardinal S——, the Col. &c. &c. &c.

LETTER LXX.

TO MR. PANCHAUD, AT PARIS.

DEAR SIR, York, June 28, 1766.

I WROTE laſt week to Mr. Becket to diſcharge the balance due to you—and I have received a letter from him, telling me, that if you will draw upon him for one hundred and ſixty pounds, he will punctually pay it to your order—ſo ſend the draughts when you pleaſe.—Mrs. Sterne writes me word, ſhe wants fifty pounds—which I deſire you will let her have.—I will take care to remit it to your correſpondent—I have ſuch an entire confidence in my wife, that ſhe ſpends as little as ſhe can, though ſhe is confined to no particular ſum—her expences will not exceed three hundred pounds a year, unleſs by ill health, or a journey—and I am very willing ſhe ſhould have it—and you may rely, in caſe it ever happens that ſhe ſhould draw

for fifty or a hundred pounds extraordinary, that it and every demand ſhall be punctually paid--and with proper thanks; and for this the whole Shandean family are ready to ſtand ſecurity.—'Tis impoſſible to tell you how ſorry I was that my affairs hurried me ſo quick through Paris, as to deprive me of ſeeing my old friend Mr. Foley, and of the pleaſure I propoſed in being made known to his better half—but I have a probability of ſeeing him this winter.—Adieu, dear Sir, and believe me

Moſt cordially yours,

L. STERNE.

P. S. Mrs. Sterne is going to Chalon, but your letter will find her, I believe, at Avignon—ſhe is very poorly—and my daughter writes to me, with ſad grief of heart, that ſhe is worſe.

LETTER LXXI.

TO MR. S.

DEAR SIR, Coxwould, July 23, 1766.

ONE might be led to think that there is a fatality regarding us—we make appointments to meet, and for theſe two years have not ſeen each other's face but twice—we muſt try, and do better for the future—Having ſought you with more zeal, than C.... ſought the Lord, in order to deliver you the books you bade me purchaſe for you at Paris—I was forced to pay carriage for them from London down to York—but as I ſhall neither charge you the books nor the carriage—'tis not worth talking about. —Never man, my dear Sir, has had a more agreeable tour than your Yorick—and at preſent I am in my peaceful retreat, writing the ninth volume* of Triſtram—I ſhall publiſh but one this

* Alluding to the firſt edition.

year, and the next I ſhall begin a new work of four volumes, which when finiſhed, I ſhall continue Triſtram with freſh ſpirit.—What a difference of ſcene here! But, with a diſpoſition to be happy, 'tis neither this place, nor t'other, that renders us the reverſe.—In ſhort, each man's happineſs depends upon himſelf—he is a fool if he does not enjoy it.

What are you about, dear S——? Give me ſome account of your pleaſures—you had better come to me for a fortnight, and I will ſhew, or give you (if needful), a practical doſe of my philoſophy; but I hope you do not want it—if you did—'twould be the office of a friend to give it—Will not even our races tempt you? You ſee I uſe all arguments—Believe me yours moſt truly,

LAURENCE STERNE.

LETTER LXXII.

TO MR. PANCHAUD, AT PARIS.

Coxwould, September 21, 1766.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

IF Mrs. Sterne ſhould draw upon you for fifty louis d'ors, be ſo kind as to remit her the money—and pray be ſo good as not to draw upon Mr. Becket for it (as he owes me nothing), but favour me with the draught, which I will pay to Mr. Selwin.——A young nobleman is now negociating a jaunt with me for ſix weeks, about Chriſtmas, to the Fauxbourg de St. Germain—I ſhould like much to be with you for ſo long—and if my wife ſhould grow worſe (having had a very poor account of her in my daughter's laſt), I cannot think of her being without me—and however expenſive the journey would be, I would fly to Avignon to adminiſter conſolation

to both her and my poor girl—Wherever I am, believe me,

Dear Sir, yours,

L. STERNE.

My kind compliments to Mr. Foley! though I have not the honour of knowing his rib, I see no reason why I may not present all due respects to the better half of so old a friend, which I do by these presents—with my friendliest wishes to Miss P.

LETTER LXXIII.

TO MR. FOLEY, AT PARIS.

Coxwould, October 25, 1766.

MY DEAR FOLEY,

I DESIRED you would be so good as to remit to Mrs. Sterne fifty louis, a month ago—I dare say you have done it—but her illness must have cost her a good deal—therefore having paid the

laſt fifty pounds into Mr. Selwin's hands, I beg you to ſend her thirty guineas more—for which I ſend a bank bill to Mr. Becket by this poſt—but ſurely had I not done ſo, you would not ſtick at it —for be aſſured, my dear Foley, that the Firſt Lord of the Treaſury is neither more able or more willing (nor perhaps half ſo punctual) in repaying with honour all I ever can be in your books.—My daughter ſays her mother is very ill —and I fear going faſt down by all accounts—'tis melancholy in her ſituation to want any aid that is in my power to give—do write to her—and believe me, with all compliments to your Hotel,

Yours very truly,

L. STERNE.

LETTER LXXIV.

TO MR. PANCHAUD.

DEAR SIR, York, November 15, 1766.

I JUST received yours—and am glad that the balance of accounts is now paid to you—Thus far all goes well—I have received a letter from my daughter with the pleasing tidings that she thinks her mother out of danger—and that the air of the country is delightful (excepting the winds); but the description of the Chateau my wife has hired is really pretty—on the side of the Fountain of Vaucluse—with seven rooms of a floor, half furnished with tapestry, half with blue taffety, the permission to fish, and to have game; so many partridges a week, &c.; and the price—guess! sixteen guineas a year—there's for you, P. About the latter end of next month, my wife will have occasion for a hundred guineas—and pray be so good, my dear

Sir, as to give orders that ſhe may not be diſappointed—ſhe is going to ſpend the Carnival at Marſeilles at Chriſtmas —I ſhall be in London by Chriſtmas week, and then ſhall balance this remittance to Mrs. S. with Mr. S——. I am going to lie-in of another child of the Shandaick procreation, in town—I hope you wiſh me a ſafe delivery——I fear my friend Mr. F. will have left town before I get there—Adieu, dear Sir—I wiſh you every thing in this world which will do you good, for I am with unfeigned truth,

Yours,

L. STERNE.

Make my compliments acceptable to the good and worthy Baron D'Holbach —Miſs P. &c. &c.

LETTER LXXV.

FROM IGNATIUS SANCHO, TO MR. STERNE.

REVEREND SIR, [1766.]

IT would be an inſult on your humanity (or perhaps look like it) to apologize for the liberty I am taking —I am one of thoſe people whom the vulgar and illiberal call negroes.—The firſt part of my life was rather unlucky, as I was placed in a family who judged ignorance the beſt and only ſecurity for obedience.—A little reading and writing I got by unwearied application.—The latter part of my life has been, thro' God's bleſſing, truly fortunate—having ſpent it in the ſervice of one of the beſt and greateſt families in the kingdom — my chief pleaſure has been books — Philanthropy I adore—How very much, good Sir, am I (amongſt millions) indebted to you for the character of your amiable Uncle

Toby!—I declare I would walk ten miles in the dog-days, to ſhake hands with the honeſt Corporal.—Your ſermons have touch'd me to the heart, and I hope have amended it, which brings me to the point—In your tenth diſcourſe*, is this very affecting paſſage—"Conſider how great a part of our ſpecies in all ages down to this—have been trod under the feet of cruel and capricious tyrants, who would neither hear their cries, nor pity their diſtreſſes.—Conſider ſlavery—what it is—how bitter a draught—and how many millions are made to drink of it."—Of all my favourite authors, not one has drawn a tear in favour of my miſerable black brethren—excepting yourſelf, and the humane author of Sir Geo. Elliſon.—I think you will forgive me; I am ſure you will applaud me for beſeeching you to give one half-hour's attention to ſlavery, as it is this day practiſed in our Weſt Indies.—That

* See Vol. VI. of this Edition, p. 202.

ſubject handled in your ſtriking manner would eaſe the yoke (perhaps) of many —but if only of one—gracious God! what a feaſt to a benevolent heart! and ſure I am, you are an epicurean in acts of charity.—You who are univerſally read, and as univerſally admired—you could not fail. —Dear Sir, think in me you behold the uplifted hands of thouſands of my brother Moors. Grief (you pathetically obſerve) is eloquent: figure to yourſelf their attitudes; hear their ſupplicating addreſſes!—alas! you cannot refuſe.—Humanity muſt comply—in which hope I beg permiſſion to ſubſcribe myſelf,

Reverend Sir, &c.

I. S.

LETTER LXXVI.

FROM MR. STERNE, TO IGNATIUS SANCHO.

Coxwould, July 27, 1766.

THERE is a ſtrange coincidence, Sancho, in the little events (as well as in the great ones) of this world: for I had been writing a tender tale of the ſorrows of a friendleſs poor negro-girl, and my eyes had ſcarce done ſmarting with it, when your letter of recommendation, in behalf of ſo many of her brethren and ſiſters, came to me—but why *her brethren?* or yours, Sancho! any more than mine? It is by the fineſt tints, and moſt inſenſible gradations, that nature deſcends from the faireſt face about St. James's, to the ſootieſt complexion in Africa:—at which tint of theſe is it, that the ties of blood are to ceaſe? and how many ſhades muſt we deſcend lower ſtill in the ſcale,

ere mercy is to vaniſh with them? But 'tis no uncommon thing, my good Sancho, for one half of the world to uſe the other half of it like brutes, and then endeavour to make 'em ſo.—For my own part, I never look *weſtward* (when I am in a penſive mood at leaſt) but I think of the burthens which our brothers and ſiſters are *there* carrying, and could I eaſe their ſhoulders from one ounce of them, I declare I would ſet out this hour upon a pilgrimage to Mecca for their ſakes—which by the bye, Sancho, exceeds your walk of ten miles in about the ſame proportion that a viſit of humanity ſhould one of mere form.—However, if you meant my Uncle Toby, more he is your debtor.—If I can weave the tale I have wrote into the work I am about—'tis at the ſervice of the afflicted—and a much greater matter; for in ſerious truth, it caſts a ſad ſhade upon the world, that ſo great a part of it are, and have been ſo long bound in chains of darkneſs,

and in chains of miſery; and I cannot but both reſpect and felicitate you, that by ſo much laudable diligence you have broke the one—and that by falling into the hands of ſo good and merciful a family, Providence has reſcued you from the other.

And ſo, good-hearted Sancho, adieu! and believe me I will not forget your letter.

Yours;

L. STERNE.

LETTER LXXVII.

TO MR. W.

Coxwould, December 20, 1766.

THANKS, my dear W., for your letter—I am juſt preparing to come and greet you and many other friends in town—I have drained my ink-ſtandiſh to the bottom, and after I have publiſhed, ſhall ſet my face, not towards Jeruſalem, but towards the Alps—I find I muſt

once more fly from death whilſt I have ſtrength—I ſhall go to Naples, and ſee whether the air of that place will not ſet this poor frame to rights—As to the project of getting a bear to lead, I think I have enough to do to govern myſelf—and however profitable it might be (according to your opinion), I am ſure it would be unpleaſurable—Few are the minutes of life, and I do not think that I have any to throw away on any one being.——I ſhall ſpend nine or ten months in Italy, and call upon my wife and daughter in France at my return—ſo ſhall be back by the King's birth-day—what a project!—and now, my dear friend, am I going to York, not for the ſake of ſociety—nor to walk by the ſide of the muddy Ouſe, but to recruit myſelf of the moſt violent ſpitting of blood that ever mortal man experienced; becauſe I had rather (in caſe 'tis ordained ſo) die there, than in a poſt-chaiſe on the road.—If the amour of my uncle Toby do not pleaſe you, I am miſtaken—and ſo with a droll ſtory I will finiſh

this letter—A ſenſible friend of mine, with whom, not long ago, I ſpent ſome hours in converſation, met an apothecary (an acquaintance of ours)—the latter aſked him how he did? why, ill, very ill—I have been with Sterne, who has given me ſuch a doſe of *Attic ſalt* that I am in a fever—Attic ſalt, Sir, Attic ſalt! I have Glauber ſalt,—I have Epſom ſalt in my ſhop, &c.—Oh! I ſuppoſe 'tis ſome French ſalt—I wonder you would truſt his report of the medicine, he cares not what he takes himſelf—I fancy I ſee you ſmile—I long to be able to be in London, and embrace my friends there—and ſhall enjoy myſelf a week or ten days at Paris with my friends, particularly the Baron d'Holbach, and the reſt of the joyous ſett—As to the females—no, I will not ſay a word about them—only I have borrowed characters taken up (as a woman does her ſhift) for the purpoſe ſhe intends to effectuate. Adieu, adieu—I am yours whilſt

L. STERNE.

LETTER LXXVIII.

TO MR. PANCHAUD, AT PARIS.

DEAR P. London, February 13, 1767.

I PAID yeſterday (by Mr. Becket) a hundred guineas, or pounds, I forget which, to Mr. Selwin—But you muſt remit to Mrs. Sterne at Marſeilles a hundred louis before ſhe leaves that place, which will be in leſs than three weeks. Have you got the ninth volume of Shandy*?—'tis liked the beſt of all here.—I am going to publiſh a Sentimental Journey through France and Italy—the undertaking is protected and highly encouraged by all our nobleſſe—'tis ſubſcribed for, at a great rate—'twill be an original—in large quarto—the ſubſcription half a guinea—If you can procure me the honour of a few names of men of ſcience, or faſhion, I ſhall thank you—they will appear in good company, as all the nobility here

* Alluding to the firſt edition.

almoſt have honoured me with their names.—My kindeſt remembrance to Mr. Foley—reſpects to Baron D'Holbach, and believe me ever ever yours,

L. STERNE.

LETTER LXXIX.

TO MISS STERNE.

Old Bond-ſtreet, February 23, 1767.

AND ſo, my Lydia! thy mother and thyſelf are returning back again from Marſeilles to the banks of the Sorgue—and there thou wilt ſit and fiſh for trouts—I envy you the ſweet ſituation.—Petrarch's tomb I ſhould like to pay a ſentimental viſit to—— the Fountain of Vaucluſe, by thy deſcription, muſt be delightful—I am alſo much pleaſed with the account you give me of the Abbé de Sade—you find great comfort in ſuch a neighbour—I am glad he is ſo good as to correct thy tranſlation of my Sermons

—dear girl, go on, and make me a present of thy work—but why not the Houſe of Mourning? 'tis one of the beſt. I long to receive the life of Petrarch, and his Laura, by your Abbé; but I am out of all patience with the anſwer the Marquis made the Abbé—'twas truly coarſe, and I wonder he bore it with any chriſtian patience—But to the ſubject of your letter—I do not wiſh to know who was the buſy fool, who made your mother uneaſy about Mrs. ——— 'tis true I have a friendſhip for her, but not to infatuation—I believe I have judgment enough to diſcern hers, and every woman's faults. I honour thy mother for her anſwer—" that ſhe wiſhed not to be informed, and begged him to drop the ſubject."—Why do you ſay that your mother wants money?—whilſt I have a ſhilling, ſhall you not both have nine-pence out of it?—I think, if I have my enjoyments, I ought not to grudge you yours.—I ſhall not begin my Sentimental Jour-

ney till I get to Coxwould—I have laid a plan for ſomething new, quite out of the beaten track.—I wiſh I had you with me—and I would introduce you to one of the moſt amiable and gentleſt of beings, whom I have juſt been with—not Mrs. ———, but a Mrs. J. the wife of as worthy a man as I ever met with—I eſteem them both. He poſſeſſes every manly virtue—honour and bravery are his characteriſtics, which have diſtinguiſhed him nobly in ſeveral inſtances—I ſhall make you better acquainted with his character, by ſending Orme's Hiſtory, with the books you deſired—and it is well worth your reading; for Orme is an elegant writer, and a juſt one; he pays no man a compliment at the expence of truth.—Mrs. J—— is kind—and friendly—of a ſentimental turn of mind—and ſo ſweet a diſpoſition, that ſhe is too good for the world ſhe lives in—Juſt God! if all were like her, what a life would this be!—Heaven, my Lydia, for ſome wiſe purpoſe has cre-

ated different beings—I wiſh my dear child knew her—thou art worthy of her friendſhip, and ſhe already loves thee; for I ſometimes tell her what I feel for thee.—This is a long letter—write ſoon, and never let your letters be ſtudied ones—write naturally, and then you will write well.—I hope your mother has got quite well of her ague—I have ſent her ſome of Huxham's tincture of the Bark. I will order you a guittar, ſince the other is broke. Believe me, my Lydia, that I am yours affectionately,

L. STERNE.

LETTER LXXX.

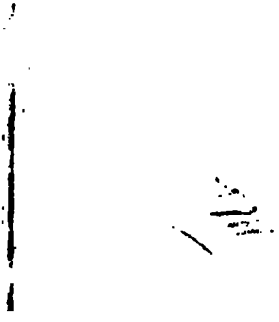
TO MR. PANCHAUD, AT PARIS.

DEAR SIR, London, February 27, 1767.

MY daughter begs a preſent of me, and you muſt know I can deny her nothing—It muſt be ſtrung with cat-gut, and of five chords—*ſi chiama*

in Italiano la chitera di cinque corde—ſhe cannot get ſuch a thing at Marſeilles—at Paris one may have every thing—Will you be ſo good to my girl as to make her happy in this affair, by getting ſome muſical body to buy one, and ſend it her to Avignon directed to Monſieur Teſte?—I wrote laſt week to deſire you would remit Mrs. S. a hundred louis—'twill be all, except the guittar, I ſhall owe you—ſend me your account, and I will pay Mr. Selwin—direct to me at Mr. Becket's—all kind reſpects to my friend Mr. F. and your ſiſter.

Yours cordially,

L. STERNE.

END OF THE NINTH VOLUME.